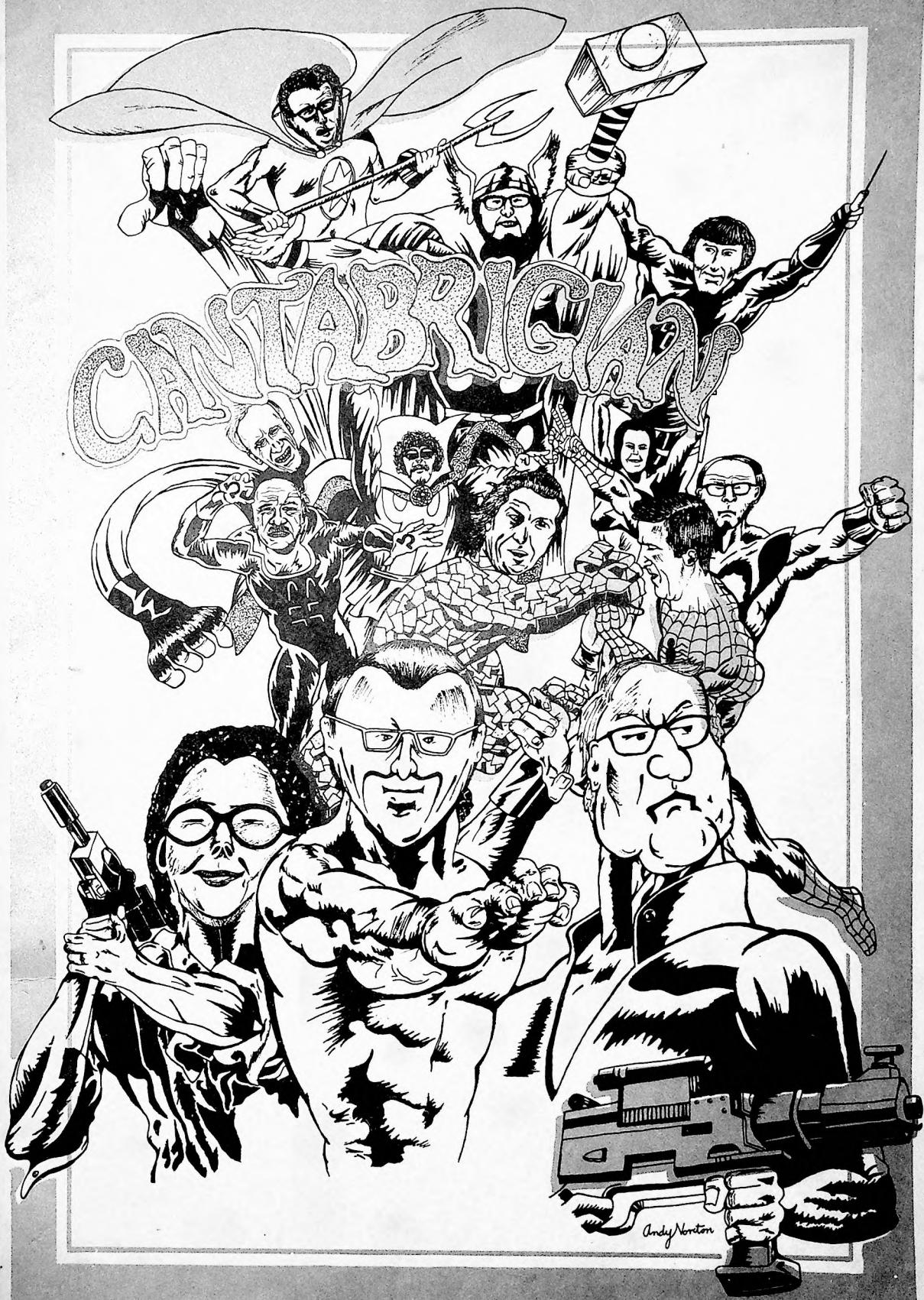


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MAGAZINE OF HILLS ROAD SIXTH FORM COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

Editorial Staff: Rupert Anderson, David Crook, NUMBER 211
Roger Dalladay, Andrew Norton, Kevin Shenton,
John Walker, David Warner. SUMMER 1976

THE

CANTABRICA

THE COLLEGE NEEDS YOU.



ANDREW NORTON (also cover)

Happy birthday America! Although I have to acknowledge that the States are 200 years old this year, far more important to us is that our College is just two years old. Since the change at Hills Road, the first intake of non-C.H.S.B. students have successfully completed their courses and left. Yet was the impact of the girls all that it might have been? It is argued by some psychologists that girls in mixed schools remain out of the limelight through fear of overshadowing their male counterparts . . . an interesting notion, but unrealistic? Most of the boys here have, after all, had five years longer to establish themselves in this environment. However, I find myself surprised that there has not been more enthusiasm among students — both male and female — in all walks of College life, rather than just the dramatic or the academic. The success of our College is dependent on the contribution of the students. It is from us that new ideas for social and creative activities must emanate if a true and lively community is to flourish — or even emerge.

Rupert Anderson.



MAZING AMERICA

This summer holidays I went to stay with friends in Connecticut, U.S.A. I found it to be a marvellous place. It is by no means the concrete jungle that some people think; indeed, it is filled with beautiful and natural sights. New York State contains everything anyone could possibly want: beaches and forests and huge towns.

The sights are, of course, unbelievable: the tall and majestic Statue of Liberty; the World Trade Centre, the tallest building in New York; Radio City, the largest indoor theatre and cinema in the world; and the Empire State Building, which holds 73 elevators, two million square feet of rentable space, a city of shops, sixty miles of water pipes, 6,500 windows, 60,000 tons of steel, and the world's tallest TV aerial reaching eight million TV sets in four states. But the schools are no less amazing.

I visited Greenwich High School, which 2,700 students attend. The huge complex includes a vast theatre, which ours would fit into several times; three gyms, several acres of playing fields including tennis courts and an Olympic-sized indoor swimming pool; and a library holding not only many thousands of books, but also records, posters and even 2,000 films which are regularly shown and can be borrowed, with projector supplied. There are cabinets full of microfilms. They

have the New York Times since 1850, and as there isn't the storage space they put it on microfilm. Although many lessons are of the lecture type, illustrated with film and tape like our French course, there is also the opportunity for individual research. There is a Stars and Stripes in every room and the huge hall has four large trees growing inside it.

Their television is incredible. At least thirteen stations broadcast up to 24 hours a day. And many shops stay open 8,712 hours a year, being closed for just forty-eight. They have a range of foods comparable with nowhere else on earth: restaurants operate non-stop throughout the year. On entering you are welcomed and on leaving you are wished a good day. The food is lavish — ice-creams served in foot-high brandy glasses, the size of goldfish bowls — steaks three times the size of those we are used to.

Everywhere, including the cities, is kept spotlessly clean, because people know that if they are caught dropping litter they will be fined \$30 on the spot.

The people work extra hard — there is no doubt of that — and consequently wages are high. The bosses have little conscience; if you have been with a firm for fifty years and you are not doing your job as well as you should be, you're fired.

America is a country built for the young. It is a country which has advanced while we have almost stood still. As one New Yorker said about his city: 'It's all here . . . you know what I mean? It's all true and it's all false. It's very, very good and it's real bad . . . New York's something else!'

Andrew Norton (4PN)



While our buildings cannot compete with those Andrew describes above, we have had a complete re-fit of the old chemistry laboratory. Here is a last look at Room 36 as it used to be, with an experiment in progress.

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

ANDREW FORD

In June we were visited by two of our oldest 'Old Boys', Mr R.L. Mallett, now aged 87, who was here as a pupil in 1901, and Mr F.R. Ward who left here in 1907 to spend most of his life in Canada. They were seen gazing with nostalgia at the Octagon floor mosaic and the basement cycle-shed, delighted that so much of the 'old place' still existed: governors and members of the LEA please note that your 'conservation policy' does

please *some* people if it is not very popular with the present inmates! However, Dr. Nicholson has been given a wedding-present in the shape of a brand new laboratory in Room 36, to replace that put up in 1933, and a sinister organisation under the Principal's chairmanship named SCAB is currently at work turning the basement into a social area where Mr Roger Barlow can ply his trade with more decorum.

Mrs Dorothy Fletcher

Mrs Dorothy Fletcher died on 27th October, 1975 aged sixty-four years. She was born in Lincolnshire, came to Cambridge to do domestic work, and in 1939 joined the cleaning staff of the old Cambridge and County High School.

For thirty-six years she was a very familiar figure in school after 3.30 pm as she scuttled along to corridors bearing her cleaning gear; this always included a tin of Brasso polish, and in the holidays her own pair of light steps 'to do my paintwork'. She scorned modern cleaning aids, preferring a scrubbing brush to a mop, and believing that there was no substitute for elbow grease. She worked hard, and for long hours, but Mrs Fletcher was much more than a very efficient cleaner. The school was her life; she bought her copy of the Magazine, her play tickets, contributed to school charities and leaving presents and regularly enquired about her favourite masters who had left Cambridge.

She was a proud guardian of the school keys which she never lost or mislaid, and she eyed with great suspicion anyone who entered the school after 6 pm. She kept one young master under particular surveillance; he was often in the common room as late as 8 pm — 'what was he up to, and where had he got that key?' The truth was that he had unsatisfactory digs and came in to mark exercise books, but this was too simple an explanation for Mrs Fletcher — she was sure 'he was up to no good'. For a long time Mr Dalladay was under similar suspicion, but Mrs Fletcher finally admitted defeat and decided, 'he's mad, all those plays'.

The long summer holidays, evenings after 6 pm and Saturday mornings were favourite work times when Mrs Fletcher had the building to herself. She enjoyed her own company; even with others around she chattered away happily to herself. In the early days she would bemoan the lack of bristles in her brush, or on Friday evenings grumble about rampaging scouts — 'those b..... scouts', or after a wet day complain about a muddy corridor — 'this floor is worse than the Fen'. More recently, there was a more bitter note as she castigated 'the Guildhall' and the Inland Revenue.

Latterly she complained that 'the school wasn't like it used to be'; the truth was that Mrs Fletcher was changing — ageing under the strain of heavy work and no holidays. Her life was all work and little wonder her health gave way. The hot summer of 1975 was the beginning of the end; she found it impossible to drag herself to School and died in New Addenbrooke's Hospital after a short illness. She was spared the lonely retirement she always dreaded. No one is indispensable, and the College goes on without Mrs Fletcher, but it has lost a real character and the silver and brassware some of their former lustre.



Events this Year

By September '75 the College could with accuracy be called truly 'co-ed' in that from then more than one hundred girls were on the roll. Like the M.C.C., the Old Cantabrigian Society has recognized the importance of sexual equality and have now opened their membership to 'Old Girls'. The civilising female touch has yet to be felt on that august body but here in the College one effect has been the institution of the Leavers' Wine Party in July, a very gracious and pleasant social event.

In the Oxbridge Scholarship examinations last December three students won exhibitions: M.H.V. Hall in English at Trinity Hall; P.B. Prechner in Maths at Trinity Hall; M.P. Booker in Geography at Jesus College, Oxford.

We offer them congratulations, as we do to two

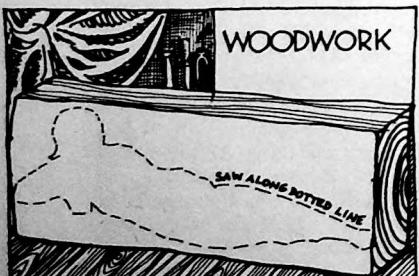
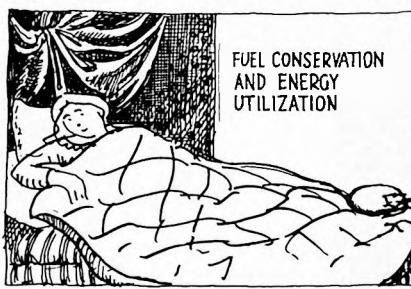
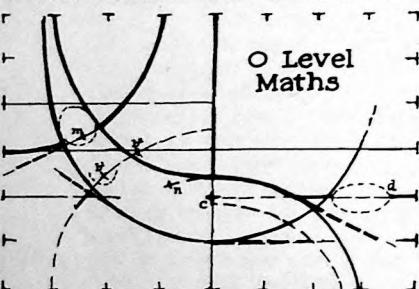
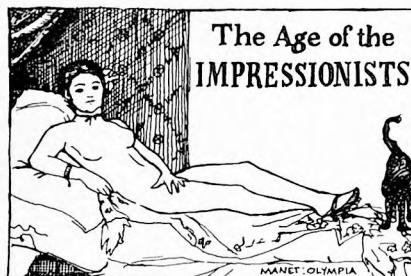
former C.H.S. students who have gained First Class Honours degrees at university: George Lomonosoff in Natural Sciences and Phil Boulding in Law at Cambridge, and Andrew Fleming in English Mods. Oxford. It is somewhat surprising to recall that these last two distinguished gentlemen were once members of what is now Form 5DM.

We must also congratulate Mr David Brown, who, while carrying out his multifarious teaching duties at this college, his horticultural and farming activities, and his car maintenance service for all and sundry, has contrived successfully to complete his degree course at the Open University. Well done, Dave!

After some good sales-talk on behalf of the candidates and a unique electoral procedure devised by Mr Wylie, Bryan McGuire was elected Student Governor for 1976-77. It was encouraging to see so many likely candidates put up for election including some young ladies who no doubt would have livened up proceedings.

A Sixth Form College – not an

Two new Heads of Department (Mr Bushen and Mr Hollow) have been appointed to ensure that the College's General Studies and Recreational Activities are not neglected. There are no less than 44 sixth-form G.S. options – a few of them illustrated below. Recreational Activities, on



Travel in the younger sort is said to be a part of Education, and students from the School and College have striven to live up to what Bacon meant. Two Geography Field Trips (nowadays aided by the Minibus), Mr Foster's Austrian Ski Party and Mr Reid's Lakeland Trek are all reported on later pages; but in addition there have been numerous trips to London and elsewhere in quest of culture, including visits to two Promenade Concerts, to 'Tosca' and 'Rosenkavalier', to 'Henry IV', 'Hamlet', 'The I.K' and 'The Mousetrap', the Art Department's pilgrimage to the Tate Gallery and the "Wombles" exhibition at the V. and A., and the abortive expedition to 'Phaedra' when some distinguished members of the Modern Languages Society were lost in the fog.

The most recent excursion has been by members of the Dramatic Society to see round the B.B.C.'s Television Centre. The visit was kindly arranged and organised by the TV designer, Mr David Myerscough-

Jones who had earlier in the year given us a most entertaining and informative talk on his work. The visit included a look at the special effects department where our stage-team was intrigued by such devices as the ones for making blood spurt convincingly from actors' bodies!

Travel Bursaries to individual students to finance further quests have been awarded to: A.J. Hunt and Jill Underwood (Layng Bursaries), R.J. Anderson, Alison Bamber, Rosemary Ryder and P.J. Scotcher.

We await with interest the accounts of their adventures.

Two new Lab. Stewards have recently joined us: Mrs C. Murray and Mr R.W. Thornton.

Mr Eyles has taken over Mr Hamer's post as Director of Studies (Curriculum), and Mrs Barbara Downes will now be a part-time member of staff.

(contd)

A-Level factory

Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, will include Mr Hollow's Kite survey, Mr Muncaster's Country pursuits, Mr Holden's guide to the English garden, Mr Walker's museum visits, Mr Brown's motor maintenance, & 'The Mikado' - plus much more - as well as more conventional sports.



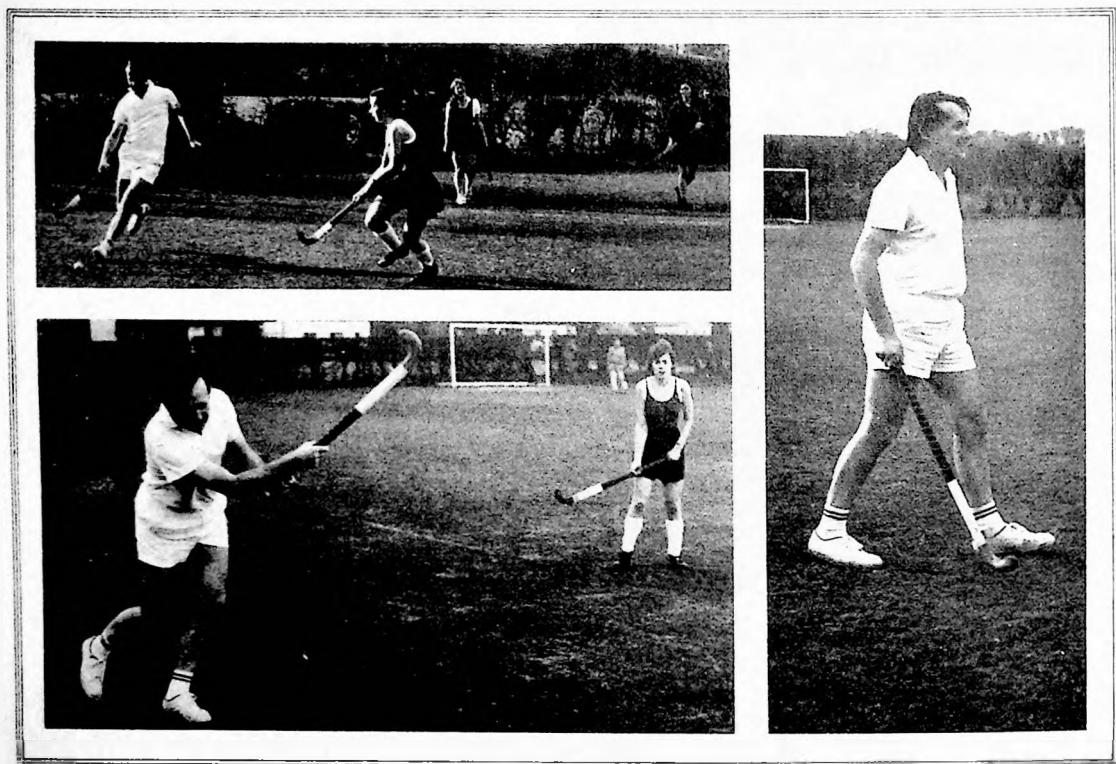
During the last year sundry comings and goings have taken place amongst the staff: Mrs Sian Jones left to have a baby at Christmas. Mr Colin Hamer became headmaster of Barrow-in-Furness Grammar School at Easter. This July Mrs Murison-Bowie leaves to be Head of English at a girls' public school in Abingdon, near Oxford, and Mr McRobb to take up another appointment in the county.

In their place we are very pleased to welcome: Mr A.L. Bushen (English and Head of General Studies), Miss Rosemary Bayes (History), Mr M.F. Chesworth (Maths), Dr. John Parry (English) as full-time staff, and as part-time staff Mrs B. Akester (Biology), Mr G. Marsters (Pottery), Mrs Vita Milne (Dance Drama), and Mrs L. Semper (Geography).

Colin Hamer

During his seven years here as Head of the Mathematics Department, and recently as Director of Studies (Curriculum), Colin Hamer did a great many valuable things of different kinds. Perhaps our most obvious debt to him is for the computer terminal in the mathematical hut; it has brought the realities of programming into most boys' lives, and the fascination of it into a few.

It was he who started the option for ambitious mathematicians to take O-level a year early and to do Additional Mathematics O-level in the year saved. He also made an important decision about our style of mathematics when he launched us on S.M.P., the best known of the projects generally described as modern. It



K.W. SHENTON

may have seemed a bold step at the time he took it, but few would now want us to go back to traditional text-books and a traditional syllabus.

The mathematicians on the staff found him a stimulating Department Head with plenty of experience and wisdom; but he will certainly be most widely remembered as a challenging class-room teacher. He had the immediate respect of his pupils, and they particularly valued the care and the clarity that he gave to difficult points and the overall humour of his treatment. His distinction among mathematical teachers was recognised when Christ Church, Oxford, elected him to a Schoolmaster Fellowship for a term. Headmasters generally find it hard to do much teaching, but it will be a real loss if he cannot give himself a substantial share in the timetable at Barrow-in-Furness.

Dr Nicholson contributes the following reminiscence of the holiday activities Mr Hamer used to organise:

Colin was a keen hill-walker and mountaineer. He organised several walking tours with groups of first, second and third formers and I accompanied him on outings with school parties to the Lake District, Arran and the Outer Hebrides. He took great pains to arrange interesting and varied itineraries on these holidays and he would piece together train, steamer, ferry and bus connections with the same care with which he constructed the school time-table whilst at C.H.S.B.

Judy Hamer, the children, and the au pair, came with us on the Scottish tours and the traumas of 'self-cooking' in over-crowded youth hostels were lightened by their guidance and help.

For some C.H.S.B. boys the rock ridges of Arran or

the blue and silver shapes of the Hebridean archipelago rising over the western horizon were the first-experienced contrasts to the level landscape of East Anglia and they remain a vivid memory.

Barbara Downes

Mrs Downes's English teaching bore a freshness and scholarly enthusiasm that are the preserve of the young teacher close to University. Her greatest assets were her ability to bring out the immediate and relevant in a passage of Shakespeare or Byron, in a speedy and workmanlike way, and to give a sense of teamlike fellowship to her classes. Her energy may be judged by what she has taken in hand in the weeks since leaving us:

STEVEN JOHNSON



writing a book, starting to learn Greek, part-time teaching, and decorating — for all of these we wish her good luck.

David Crook

Andy Murison-Bowie

Andy Murison-Bowie is moving to 'the other place' this summer. She has already demonstrated her versatility by adapting so easily from a girls' grammar school to a mixed sixth form college — to the equal delight of pupils and staff. The ideas in her mind which she shared with us were as original and prolific as her wardrobe.

Outside the context of high academic rigour with which she approached O- and A-level courses, Andy transported us in conversation away to exotic realms of Arabian sheiks, to stately homes and Jacobean manor-

houses, to the world of jet-set travel and expensive hotels. On grey, cold December days we shall indeed miss the times when, wreathed in cigarette-smoke and the wafting of expensive perfume, she provided her listeners with a ready escape route to a more exciting environment than Hills Road.

We shall miss her stimulation and the sympathetic rapport she established with so many, but we wish her well in her new environment — an independent girls' school will be enfranchised by her free spirit.

S.M.C. and A.J.W.

Andy's sixth-form pupils have an exceptional respect for her: 'the best teacher we've ever had'. One of them writes:



R.L.D.

Mrs Murison-Bowie's teaching was sensitive, original, often brilliant. She could take a class through the most complicated analysis without losing any of them. She never relied mindlessly on a question-and-answer routine, but founded her lessons on a flexible, highly intelligent attitude to her subject and the mutual respect of her class. We will miss her.

David McRobb

As we lose the junior forms to become purely a Sixth Form College, it seems inevitable that some staffing changes will have to be made. It was in these circumstances that David McRobb left us at the end of the summer term. To those students who have come to know him as a person, this is a sad loss, and to the



ANDREW FORD

College drama, he will be irreplaceable. David unites technical knowledge and practical competence with aesthetic sensitivity; thus he has been much in demand as an actor, as well as in set construction and the lighting of a play.

As an actor, no doubt David will have his successors: but who on the staff has both the necessary knowledge of electricity and electronics and the willingness to spend evening after evening scaling ladders, angling lanterns, and by working alongside them, giving our students the best possible training in stage lighting? Who would be so ready to take out the minibus and drive parties to London, or go across to Ely to collect costumes from the County Wardrobe? The most modest and forgiving of men, David has never borne grudges or reacted to the slights of irascible producers — or others — unless indeed by turning the other cheek and going the second mile.

We hope that by the time this issue appears, David will have found a job in which his considerable talents will find fuller scope than, at times, they have found here.

David McRobb's *Corbaccio* is foisted by Mosca (Peter Ince). Volpone (John Walker) and Sheila Geering look on.

A first Staff Play:

Volpone, by Ben Jonson. November 1975.

Working in a very short time Roger Dalladay produced a show that would make Ben Jonson chuckle in his grave at the thought of such staffroom antics.

Volpone, Mr Walker, made a flashy entry in dark glasses and silk dressing-gown, and established, not a character of greed, so much as that of a rogue who won our sympathy by parleying with the audience like a rich, ex-barrow boy.

Peter Ince's Mosca, The Fly, buzzed and flitted around the stage, eyes darting hither and thither and looking suitably shifty, this slick trickery setting off Volpone's friendlier nature admirably. The three servants completed the circus. Ian Harvey, Androgyno, revealed his lovely talents in a strip-tease. Alan Ponder,

Castrone, acquired a high voice, but only with a painful sacrifice, whilst Val Widdowson endured sore knees as a sawn-off version of his jolly self.

Another eminent trio was the greed-goaded Crow, Vulture and Raven. Mr McRobb as Corbaccio, reminiscent of Dick Emery's Lampwick, was notable for those parts of his anatomy that didn't work, whilst poor Sheila Geering pushed the wheelchair. Doctor Nicholson, Corvino, had a body with limbs on overtime; if you did not know him you might think his play-acting voice added something to the part, until you learned that the consistent, I've-learnt-everything-off-by-heart voice is normal. Doctor Wylie, Volpone, hopped and flapped around with a predatory nose and a Scottish eye for the rotting carcass that might bring forth riches.

Corvino's wife (Barbara Downes) in her animation and meticulous grasp of lines was in every way a match for a husband, looking suitably ravishable in a tea-cosy hat, protesting as innocently as Tess of the d'Urbervilles.

Better give Mr Talbot back his hockey-stick. His geography notes are delivered with more life; still, his sun-tan was good, and who else could have been the young gallant, able to raise an audience to cheers?

What were the two old cronies Grosvenor-Myer and Bryan up to? The sub-plot, all very nice, was a little distracting and could have been left out to save time. Diana Hilton, however, emerged from it as a screaming rat-bag in an excellent characterisation.

Which brings us lastly to Mr Hill and his assistants, Messrs Barlow and Holden and Mrs Clarke, reading their lines with great panache and a discreet torch. Mr Hill's sentences on the miscreants were notably harsher than his pronouncements in assembly, and, as they were not acting, perhaps we should beware. Mr Barlow's stage presence is worthy of note, one line bringing the house down: 'These are two creatures!'

All in all, Roger Dalladay juggled these characters, some less true to the play than to real life, but none the worse for that, into an excellent show as well as play. The tempo did not lag nor the humour, and it came over all the better against a sparkling set.

Ghyslaine Daniels,
Michael Jeffries and others



R.L.D.

Mr Walker spent the Spring Term on a Schoolmaster Fellowship at Cardiff, and his experiences will be of considerable interest to those contemplating University entry.

Sojourn Sabbatical

Every rail-traveller to Cardiff is confronted on arrival by words four feet high designed to question the very essence of his life's purpose: 'It's Brains You Want'. Although I had seen these words many times and recognized their significance as an advert for what passes in Wales for beer, their impact on that cold evening last January was striking, as I struggled with cases in search of a taxi to take me to the hall of residence which was to be my base during my term as Schoolmaster Fellow of the University of Cardiff. I realized that I was not re-entering the calm academic sobriety of my Oxbridge alma mater, to sip port with the fellows mellowed by years of high-minded college chat in common-rooms redolent of real hide and cigar smoke. No, I was embarking on an exploration into the confines of Redbrick, an academic institution using teaching-methods rather different from Oxbridge, and a society infinitely more varied, more complex, colourful, vulgar, earthy and above all refreshingly real.

University Hall for over 600 students has a varied set of buildings which have grown with the university and includes a tower-block looming high over Cardiff's suburbia housing most of the female element in a sort of harem; it is set in very pleasant grounds and has good social facilities including squash courts, billiard-rooms, T.V. lounges etc. and one huge bar, run by the student committee to gain a vast profit, which is the central meeting-place. Like most places built to house people en masse its accommodation is a bit like a rabbit-warren, with lengthy tunnels of corridors of rooms from which pulsated, from high-powered stereo-units, the particular kind of music favoured by the individual inmate. My rooms were situated in a block largely occupied by foreign students, from some of the 80 odd countries represented in the university, many of whom I was surprised to learn had taken A-levels here and were thus enjoying student-grants. The exotic music (as well as the cooking aromas) of the oriental bazaar merged somewhat uneasily with that of Pink Floyd and Blue Grass. Still, a few friendly thumps on the door would usually reduce the noise-level to that approaching an average pneumatic-drill, especially if accompanied by the odd imprecation in Welsh. Generally such a hall of residence would suit fine both the socialite and the self-sufficient who wanted to do his/her own thing, but there are snags: for one thing, it is costly, since the facilities are 'all-in' and you can't opt out, that is in comparison with the alternatives of a self-catering flat in an official or unofficial student-house, but in these some knowledge of the culinary arts and general domestic competence are called for. Though many students thrive doing for themselves, it is true that some male sixth-formers can't boil an egg and know even less about how to get a rent reduced at a rent-tribunal. Of course the Spring Term grant was made to go a bit further by reason of the Rent

Strike staged by the NUS in protest at the government's failure to increase it; it was a campaign of some acrimony as universities always reserve the right to withhold degrees though it seldom comes to that.

Another snag with University Hall was that unless you owned a means of transport (Mum's car) and had the financial reserves to run it, you were condemned to tramp a daily four miles to the university and back for lectures etc. At least it kept you fit! Most teachers consider that university halls are fine for the socially inexperienced student to get to know a lot of people in the first year (I've recommended them myself), but even that advantage may be illusory for some: a third-year student from a sheltered middle-class home and a direct grant school told me that he had endured a traumatic first term in Hall oppressed by the sheer numbers there which turned him into a complete isolate, and drove him to the verge of dipsomania as he took to solitary drinking in his room; a chance remark at an English seminar enabled him to share some digs, and so escape. An exceptional case, but one that never got to the ears of the student advisor nor the social worker laid on by the university authorities.

Social and financial survival is not the only concern for the student; academic survival is also a pressing priority. Cardiff, like many other Redbrick universities, still employs the traditional lecture system as the main teaching method, sometimes to groups of really large numbers in the more popular subjects. Small seminar-groups do play an increasing part depending on the department, and some of the more adventurous lecturers were trying to adapt their lecturing technique to gain more student response. For the sixth-former who for two years has been in a small group taught by a conscientious teacher who attends to every whim and weakness in the pupils, this change to a more impersonal kind of teaching can be a shock from which he is slow to recover, especially if he is not experienced in note-taking, or in the necessary follow-up research, or even more important in the capacity to skim relevant textbooks recommended by lecturers ardent to boost their sales. The inability of the young student to read enough, and quickly, was lamented in talks I had with the Professor of History.

I was fortunate to see at first-hand some of the academic difficulties suffered by students whose A-levels of two Bs and a C had given some promise of their ability to cope at university; to coincide with my arrival (perhaps a case of cause and effect?) two members of the English staff fell ill, and I was asked to take over some seminar-groups. Luckily for me the true importance of these seminars in the English curriculum was far from precise, even though essays were written and grades given from A to E ('plus and minus signs should no longer be used'); it was really what the supervisor made of them. In fact, the English department, with a new Professor from Reading, was going through a healthy, though agonizing, re-appraisal of its aims. In bars and common-rooms I was frequently used as an impartial sounding-board by rival factions in the department, and conversations reminiscent of the works of C.P. Snow and Kingsley Amis still come to mind. One young, earnest lecturer, highly concerned over staff-student relationships, arranged a talk-in for all the English department

and students temptingly entitled 'What do you think of it so far?' A fair cross-section of students and a few staff, including a professor, turned up in order to tell him. The debate was heated without being acrimonious and gave an opportunity to air grievances, like the importance attached to confidential assessments in establishing degree-classes. Generally speaking no clear-cut opinion emerged on the part of the students on the really sensitive issues: some defended the lecture-system, others condemned its impersonality; some wanted continuous assessment, others preferred to accept the challenge of the yearly exam. Some students clearly needed and enjoyed the amicable relationships they formed with the teaching-staff, others thought it daft to spend an evening playing skittles with lecturers in the Woodville Tavern.

In fact teaching-relationships seemed to me to be extremely good, though extracting essays from some students, as at HRSFC, was comparable with blood-letting. Of course there were predictably those who had 'problems', like the anaemic young lady who regularly came late to my 11 o'clock seminar looking pale, hungry and unwashed, claiming that she had over-slept. There were those too who had never mastered the excellent though somewhat eccentric library cataloguing system, so that their use of the fine new Arts Faculty Library, where private study could be a joy, believe it or not, was somewhat hampered. There were of course those whose financial problems outweighed academic difficulties: one girl admitted: 'I wish I could write out overdrafts as readily as I can essays'. Of course Cardiff's insistence that the First Year is given over to three subjects did pose problems for those who hoped to escape the strictures of an A-level type course; however it does provide a valuable chance to try out 'new' subjects like Psychology, philosophy, archaeology, economics etc, and to drop them after a year if they do not come up to expectations. Many students in fact do keep two subjects going for their final two years simply on the grounds that they liked the contrast of material studied and varied teaching-methods.

Politically Cardiff has probably escaped the ferment among students over the last fifteen years; even so, while I was there the Principal's office was occupied by militants, the Rent Strike was organized, varied demonstrations against Education Cuts were noticeable, and the opening of the new Arts Library was picketed and dulcet singing of a Welsh choir to welcome the Lord Chancellor made inaudible. The Principal Dr. Bevan, appeared to be the main target of militant criticism; openly distrusted by student organisations he seemed to be viewed with some reservations by the staff too in his aim to annex such fringe colleges as the local College of Home Economics to his university empire. However it seemed to me that the few militants among the 4,000 students caused more neurosis on the part of the authorities than their effectiveness justified. The large silent majority seemed content to accept membership of the Union for the many benefits to be enjoyed. The recent Union building spans a railway-line, built in dull, sombre brick; it looks on a Winter's day like a cross between Lenin's Tomb and the gas-chambers at Auschwitz. This initial impression is not dispelled as one attempts entry up the long flights of concrete steps at

lunchtime. However, if one is safely propelled along by the bustling crowd of thirsty students, past the grim-faced, tight-lipped Marxists, who are daily selling some sinister journal half-way up, and through the swing-doors and packed foyer to penetrate the gloom and the muted roar of distant amplified Pop, you will discover plush facilities to satisfy both bourgeois and pleb. For one week, as Spring was just beginning to penetrate the icy February blast; the scene outside was transformed, when a student Christian group held a mission week: then we all ran a gauntlet through sweatered figures ecstatically singing jazzed-up versions of 'All Things Bright and Beautiful' while the Marxist news-sellers slunk sullenly into shadowy corners.

St David's Day passed almost unnoticed in the heterogeneous society of the university except for the serving of leeks at high table in University Hall, and the daffodils which replaced the crocuses in the Castle grounds. Soon, by mid-March, I realized that I had held my last seminar, sent in some appropriate grades for my students, attended the English department's end-of-term booze-up where I thankfully downed my last glass of Brains Bitter, and listened to the last heart-rending plea for 'The Pearl' as a suitable Middle English text. As I walked back after dining with a friendly visiting Prof from Warwick I noticed that some frustrated citizen of the capital of Wales had daubed on a convenient wall: 'University Bastards Go Home'. I took up the challenge and went.

A.J. WALKER.



We are Happy to Report
the following recent Marriages

Mr Robin Mann to Miss
Rosemary Bayes
Dr Philip Nicholson to
Miss Diana Hilton

We extend our Good Wishes for their
Future Happiness



Lake District Party



A party of ten boys lead by Mr Ian Reid and Mr Steven Reid spent a week mountain walking in the Lake District over Easter. For the third year running, the weather was glorious, and the holiday was a wonderful tonic after a long winter.

On the first day we climbed Red Pike from Buttermere and took a lazy ridge route via High Stile (2644ft) and High Crag back down to the valley. The second day was the hardest, a stiff climb from Buttermere over Scarth Gap and a drop into Ennerdale. We then made a magnificently steep climb to the top of Pillar (2927ft), then across to Steeple (2687ft) before making the long trudge home.

The next day we took the popular Guides' Route up Scafell Pike (3210ft) via Sty Head turn. We spent an hour on the top and whilst climbing the steep gully across to Scafell itself known as Lord's Rake we watched a German tourist let his briefcase fall 500 ft scattering papers for miles. Shaun Taylor gave him a few friendly words of encouragement and we overtook him. He was still picking them up when we returned.

We then moved up to Keswick and on the fourth day we had an exciting climb up Blencathra (2847ft) via Halls Fell and an even more exciting descent down Sharp Edge.

On the last day we made a rather long slog over from Thirlmere to Patterdale in order to climb Helvellyn (3118ft) via Striding Edge. We then descended via Dollywagon Pike to Grisedale Turn.

Much to the delight of the Warden, who retreated to his kitchen after supper rather than hear an hour's whistling and singing whilst we washed up, we returned to Cambridge the following day.

To Ski or not to Ski

or
Garcon, there's a Mouche in my Yoghourt

Into the intergalactic chill and loneliness of 6 am on 21st December, eighteen sparks of life gather for Phase I of the pentathlon taking them to Chauveton (Hautes-Alpes). Coach, ship and train bring us to the Gare du Nord and at Paris, the smell of cognac proclaims that some little lad has been careless with Sir's haversack. A coach-tour of Paris is a mixed blessing for tired travellers; Sacre Coeur is beautiful, but the taped 'travelogue' commercialises it all. At midnight, we pack into crowded compartments and fitfully slumber the ten-hour journey to the Alps. Embrun is very mild and we find ourselves coming to terms with the unfamiliar cuisine of the Centre Familiale of the Banque de France.

Our ski-boots are apparently in Marseilles; we realise that the 'dirty-tricks' department of B.R. has its counterpart in the SNCF; with true efficiency, the Directeur manages to get them next day and equipped with skis, sticks and boots, the awful moment approaches. Each morning, with our vociferous little hosts, we spend an hour travelling up passes cut in the rock, with sheer seven-hundred-foot drops, past the snow-line, to Vars-les-Claux. The scenery, with its multicoloured skiers, was a travel-brochure come to life; the unbelievably-blue sky and the pure air were a revelation.

A large part of this first day was spent in tobogganning and the inevitable snow-fight, but soon we were on our skis and making progress, as Simon told us twenty times a day. Clearly, we had at Vars a far wider range of pistes than the other half of our party, at Crêvoix; they, for their part, were spared the daily two-hour trek.

Most of us and our Netherhall friends appreciated the food, which started very well, but deteriorated slightly. The 'open-plan' dormitory was very 'entente cordiale', but unpleasantness regarding a light-fingered young host led to a confrontation and this slightly spoilt the atmosphere. It was also clear, that our boys were generally far better-mannered and gave us few problems. We shall continue to regard the hillside catching fire as 'natural causes'. Most of their spare time was spent in 'baby-foot', at which our hosts were experts; however, P.T. more than redressed the balance here.

Christmas Eve could not replace our own tradition, nor New Year, where A.F. and his fellow historians imparted certain unknown facts regarding Lord Nelson.

Many of us were making great progress on the pistes and undertaking hazards that would normally have deterred us. The last day brought many of us the accolade of our 'première étoile' and then we were

gathering, at the sort of time when we normally went to bed, on the platform, meeting our friends from Crêvoix.

The usual scramble over, the last perfidious Frenchman ejected from our reserved seats, we relaxed for the ten-hour run to Paris. Alas, panic from the H.Q. compartment, where the inmates were locked in by a jammed door. Emissaries failed to find the controleur, uninterested porters waved hands in vain and after six hours an angel of mercy, effectively disguised as a workman with a crowbar, released us and was trampled underfoot as eight passengers made a bee-line for the end of the coach.

Paris at 6 am on a drizzly morning is hardly the City of Light; but with faultless timing, the Banque de France had us all seated, waiting in the Gare du Nord. Why do the French keep their best equipment for this Paris-Calais run? The Lord, who watches over novice-skiers, was good to us; no injuries, a quiet crossing and He obligingly held up for twelve hours one of the worst hurricane-force gales of recent years.

High-spots must be the incredible colour and grandeur of the slopes with the alpine-backcloth, the intoxicating air; as a Leader, one realises that as usual, the boys will predictably have prejudices regarding unusual food and miss a lot; but that their behaviour will usually be an example to others. We had a clown or two, but no rogues. In summary, what a wonderful opportunity to ski at minimal cost, to have a needed holiday in the Winter in the pleasant and always interesting company of P.T.

Malham

This is a true story, which follows the journeys of thirteen brave young sixth-formers led, as ever, by that famous trio Cotterell, Hollow and Talbot, who gave up the pleasures, comforts and niceties of the usual field trip and took to tents and nature's natural provisions, to discover and explore the thus-far well-mapped and clearly sign-posted limestone tourist attractions of the Yorkshire Dales, one inch above and two inches to the left of Leeds.

Having arrived at the camp-site, the less experienced among us were struggling to erect their tents just as the rain began — much to the amusement of that army camp veteran C.O. Veal, who went to their rescue allowing us all to have a comfortable sleep that night, including Mr Cotterell, who slept in the minibus.

Awakened next morning by the clucking of cockerels, it was clear that the day was to be of the hot, dry variety; indeed the weather remained like this for the full three days. After Mr C had finished shaving in the washing-up water, we set off for the 8-mile Malham Cove, Malham Tarn, Goredale Scar walk. The impressive steep face of Malham Cove was matched only by the open-air strip show performed by Mr Hollow at the top of the cove from where the female members had some excellent views. Now everyone knows that Mr Talbot has walked the Pennine Way, and for those that do not know, the tarn and cove are part of the Pennine Way, so we couldn't possibly get lost. However there were one or two (possibly three) rather tricky moments as our

illustrious leader consulted student advice as to where the path was.

Back at camp, that evening, dinner was served: Sarah and Beverley cooked spaghetti Bolognese and invited two scroungers to join them, while the Robinson-Anderson-Jeffries-Oxenford group could manage only a beef-burger beautifully served à la cow pat.

Saturday promised another scorching day as the sun burst forth to reveal the famous 17 plodding up to the summit of Ingleborough Hill. Not content with a simple packed lunch of tuna fish sandwiches, Clark, Veal and Brennan had hauled a stove and tins of beans to the top. On the way down to Gaping Ghill we had to make do without Mr Talbot's sense of direction as he had to return the way we had just come to find the minibus keys. The day ended with a refreshingly cool tour of the Ingleborough Caves, after which we returned to the campsite to prepare to go to the village that evening to taste the pleasures of rural life!

The next morning we started home.

Ian Rumsey and Andrew Hunt

A one-sided Geography Field Trip Report

Day 1 Had endless journey to Gary Glitter and interminable Genesis. Menu in motorway cafe is above a sign reading 'Manager available on request'. He must taste better than the coffee. Hotel in Paignton has an instantly forgettable name which I've forgotten and a jukebox not restocked since 1971.

Day 2 Freezing beach. Dawlish is described as a gap in the cliffs. I'd just say a gap. Dawlish Warren is under active erosion, probably from school parties and golfers. Back into Dawlish with resident Hell's Angels and an Italian restaurant with plastic onions and a waiter who says to everyone as he plonks a tea tray in front of them 'Ouiztubbymuder', which seems to mean who is playing mother.

Day 3 Crushingly hot coast. Steve Cotterell demonstrates how commandos cross a gate (our resident Corporal Mick ruins that one). Phil Talbot kicks bits off the coast looking for a podsol. Our first casualty but our professional Sergeant takes over and leads the rescue (gosh). Then the high spot for me. Ice cream in Sidmouth, the size and colour of melons! Sickly green outside and orange centres. Beautiful.

Day 4 Ball clay in Bovey Tracey and a packet of fangs for lunch. I feel at home now. A burst of limestone scenery; our resident Lieutenant heads down the nearest cave, whilst Geoff Hollow points out the pixies' house.

A barmaid has hysterics over my woolly hat and says she can't keep it in any more. I see what she means and politely look away.

Day 5 A village survey. One local claims he's fed up with some of these geography students. I quite agree. Our resident Colonel elects to march to Newton Abbot for a town survey.

Day 6 Dartmoor. Our resident General leads an expedition to get a pound note out of some rocks and holds us up for 20 minutes. (What would Napoleon say to that?) A farmer gets nasty and says he's not a tourist attraction, judging by his face I'm not surprised. This farm is a marvellous contradiction of our theoretical hill sheep lessons. We go to Widecombe.

Day 7 Exeter. Bombed extensively by the Germans, but we're safe with our resident Field Marshal.

Day 8 Back home. More G. Glitter and 50's - 60's bop which causes Cotterell to burst into song. The transport cafe does not sell Manager anymore.

Michael Jeffries



Concert at St Bene't's Church, 19th and 21st March

The programme opened with Bach's Passacaglia in C Minor played crisply by Peter Charlton; but justice was not done to this major work, mainly because of the inadequacy of the organ's pedal stops.

Stephen Cowley's trumpet-playing, especially in the concerto by Capel Bond, displayed a brilliance and dexterity that was intensely exciting and seemed to me to be his finest public performance yet.

Andrew King of King's College who spent the term with us and who directed some of the Faure rehearsals offered us tenor arias by Bach and Handel. His beguilingly beautiful but well-controlled voice soared and dipped with a wide range of expression. We all hope he will go far in his career.

Finally a College choir of students, staff, parents and friends performed the main work of the evening, Faure's Requiem. The accompaniment was dominated by a brass section whose plangent tone was magnificently suited to the theme of impending Damnation.

The singing was firm and precise though sometimes it was almost too robust: the choir sounded positively cheerful as it sang (in Latin) 'I stand in fear and trembling before the Wrath to come'. Admittedly we now live in an age of disbelief but probably the singers were carried away by sheer enjoyment of the richness of the music and it was just such a sense of enjoyment that they conveyed to a grateful audience.

R.W.B.

OUR MIKADO WILL BE THE
BEST MIKADO!

Sport

Rugby

The 1975 Rugby season was going to be the most successful in the Schools' history. It turned out to be a season of contrasts. We started well, led by Ian Thompson, training hard and playing good rugby. Early victories included one over the Leys, which is rare. Hamish Thomson and Gary Hopkins at half back were the springboard for success. Then came an injury to Hopkins, the sending off of Ian Thompson, a few minor injuries to other players which coincided with our strongest fixtures versus Hitchin, Hertford, Peterborough and the Perse and the team really fell apart conceding defeats without resistance.

Only at the very end of the season did we recover to lose exciting matches versus the Cantabs and Stockport G.S. by small margins and then to win the Cambridgeshire 7 a sides.

The 2nd XV's fortunes naturally followed those of the 1st XV and most success was achieved by the Under 15's who remained unbeaten. It is tempting to suggest that next year will be our year but we shall have to wait and see.

I.R.R.

Under 15 Rugby

The 1975-76 rugby season was an outstanding one for the Under 15 team. The grounding in basic techniques and skills gained in the Under 14's, during the previous season, was built upon to produce an exceptionally confident and skilful squad, probably one of the best in the school's history.

Seventeen matches were played of which sixteen were won and one drawn, that against Richard Hale, Hertford. However, what was even more impressive was the manner in which they played their game. There was a marvellous team spirit throughout the season, illustrated by an eagerness to attend regular training sessions and a disciplined, competitive but fair approach to play on the field, a particularly pleasing sign in these days of increasing fouling and violence in rugby. Much of the credit for this must go to the excellent control and leadership of the side by skipper Mark Linsey.

The success of the side was also based on enterprising, attacking rugby, every member of the team, forwards as well as backs, being eager to handle and run with the ball. Many fine tries engineered within our own half and involving nearly the whole side in the movement were scored, and a total of 352 points for and only 97 against, bear witness to this attacking aspect of their game. In conclusion to the season, the side had a fine run in the Spalding Seven a Side Tournament, reaching the semi-finals, being beaten only by King's School, Pontefract,

the eventual winners of the tournament.

Essentially the Under 15's success was a team success and there was literally no weak link or position in the side. Although Rupert Thomson, Donald Drake, Mark Linsey and 'Haggis' McGann provided much of the inspiration and individual flair in the side it is to the further development and progress of such players as Mann, Nickerson, Newberry, Darke, Tout, Cox, Hancock, Hayns, Way and others that we shall look towards to provide the overall balance and future strength of school and college rugby.

It is hoped that we shall be able to maintain intact, the enthusiasm and strength of the Under 15's in the coming season by providing a number of under 16 fixtures.

M.G.H.

Football

The First XI had a rather mixed season. Of the nine matches played, three were won, three drawn and three lost. At times they played some excellent football and looked the best side the school has had for several seasons, but on other occasions they completely went to pieces and failed to beat inferior opposition. This inconsistency could possibly be due to a lack of a full, regular fixture list, but unfortunately there was considerable apathy on the part of several players towards practice and training and a reluctance to play regularly on a Saturday.

The season started unhappily when they lost by the odd goal of three to Netherhall in the National Schools Trophy, although they atoned for this later in the season, when in a scintillating display of football they thrashed them 7 - 3. Another good result was a 2 - 2 draw against a strong Selwyn College side, but frequently the team lacked heart and the necessary fight when things were not going their way.

Scott, who is a class player, captained the side in the midweek games and did well, but was unable to find time to play regularly on a Saturday. Bates, who has given much to the school and has been a credit for several seasons, was disappointing. He too easily became frustrated by the efforts of his team-mates, which unfortunately affected his own game and he really did not do himself justice. He was, however, selected to play for the Cambs. Schools Under 19 side and we congratulate him on this.

The team was in the happy position of having two outstanding goalkeepers in Phillips and Plumb who both played exceptionally well when selected. Large, at centre half, although lacking pace always tried very hard while Wright, alongside him, could become a dominant player with more experience and more self-discipline. Godfrey,

at full back, was one of the real successes of the season, always reliable and cool under pressure, whilst Conway, the other full back, was very forceful and looked good when attacking but made a few costly errors and was caught out of position on several occasions. Up front, Bradford, although inconsistent, had some outstanding games, making intelligent runs off the ball and always looked sharp near goal. Bidwell also scored several good goals and was always a danger with his speed. Clarke, Douglas, Moore and Lawson also played well when available and selected.

The Under 15's team had a disappointing season, winning only two games. The only consistent player was Hayns with occasional glimpses of form from Newberry, Linsey, McGann and Way. The team tried hard throughout the season to overcome their shortcomings in skill.

The Under 14's team showed considerable improvement on previous seasons. Four games were won and five lost. After a poor start to the season, it was obvious that the defence needed strengthening. This was achieved by one or two positional changes plus the inclusion of Searle at full back. With a more solid defence, the team was able to concentrate on midfield and attack and indeed the team began to play some good football and score several goals.

In goal, Hitch, given the opportunity due to Manning playing on the field, had a fine season showing considerable courage and making several excellent saves. His only fault was a lack of calling which should come with confidence. In defence, Cuthbert, Peasgood, Jacobs, Searle and Dalton tried hard and improved during the season, but they need to be rather more resolute and positive.

In midfield, Manning, the captain, also had a fine season, covering an enormous amount of ground, tackling hard and scoring some great goals with fierce long shots. Sproul, Baker and Dalton supported him well. Up front, the team relied a lot on Godfrey, whose sharpness in front of goal caused a lot of problems to opposition defences. Brown at times played well and scored some good goals, but he lacks pace and rather faded in several games. Southam and Robertson gave good support on the wings.

A.M.P.

Basketball

With only two teams playing basketball much success was anticipated. The Under 16's won all their games in the County Cup and League and reached the last sixteen of the National Competition only to be eliminated on a technical matter. The Under 15's won all their matches except two vital ones against their own rivals Netherhall, which cost us both the County League and the County Cup.

Martin McGann was awarded the Roy Burrell award for his good play and sportsmanship for the City basketball team and Jacko Mellor and Steve Cowley played consistently well for the Under 16's with Mellor occasionally showing his brilliant dribbling and shooting ability.

I.R.R.

Rowing

Rowing this year has been active, and the Club numbers have been swollen by the interest of the girls. The First IV began the season in the Winter League. The first two-mile course of this event was extremely gruelling, due to the heavy snow which grew increasingly worse as the morning progressed. The second leg was more comfortable, with kinder weather, and we achieved a fairly average time. In the last course of three miles, our valiant Four combined with four Cantabrigian oarsmen to form Cantabs 2nd VIII.

The next events were the Fours' 'Head of the Cam' in March and the Eights' 'Head' in May. Our times were insufficient to gain a place in the first three, but quite satisfactory from our own point of view, considering the lack of time available for practice in term.

The sixth race of our calendar was the Cambridge Regatta, where we were narrowly defeated by the Leys.

The First VIII is now in training for the climax of the season — the City Bumps. It is hoped that our

The Eights Head of the Cam: Stroke, G. Archer; 7, M. Cowley; 6, A. West; 5, N. Pile; 4, R. Hunter; 3, S. Bousfield; 2, M. Russell; Bow, R. Wallis.



remarkably high position at the top of Division 2 may be maintained and improved upon.

Credit is also due to a very keen group of young ladies including Catharine Barnard, Rosemary Ryder, Jolanta Maczkiewicz and others, whose enthusiasm is only damped by the lack of ladies' IV events in local competitions. Credit also to Mark Cowley, whose sweat and toil has gone into trying to tie some organisation into the crews. Good luck all for next year.

Graham Archer

Cricket

First XI

After the successful run of 1975, this season was a disappointment. The team made a disastrous start, and although towards the end of the season the team strung together a series of good batting performances, the record at the time of writing, four draws and eight defeats, does not make pleasant reading.

Nonetheless, it should be pointed out that the College was often forced to field an inexperienced team, including many from the lower school. The mere fact that twenty-four players have been used suggests a degree of instability, a situation that was not helped in the slightest by the blatant refusal of certain more experienced players to help the side through a sticky patch, preferring instead to offer their services to local club sides. Indeed, it is highly likely that without the younger boys the team would have fared much worse.

There is no escaping the hard fact that the team suffered some very heavy defeats, of which the 74 run defeat suffered at the hands of Downing College, when we were shot out for 45 (despite gritty resistance from Burton and Johnson), will unfortunately remain in the memory. On a happier note, the College batted extremely well against the stronger sides, particularly the Perse and Magdalen College School, Oxford.

It would be wrong, I feel, to lay the blame for the College's failure on the bowlers. In a difficult position they responded well and kept a sound standard throughout the year; only against Alleyn's, Stevenage, did they fail to keep a good hold on the opposition's batting, and their performance against Newport G.S., when the visitors were bowled out for 75, deserves special praise. Unfortunately their efforts were not always backed-up by consistently high standards of fielding, many catches going astray.

Some encouraging individual results should be noted. Bates, as Captain and most experienced First XI player, was often under pressure to score runs. Despite a shaky patch in the middle of the season, he responded well and has at the time of writing scored 336 runs at an average of 33.6. He has to date exceeded 50 on three occasions, his 85 not out against Magdalen, Oxford, being noteworthy. A high point in his season must have been a lofty six against Northampton G.S. which cleared the pavilion! His bowling has been very consistent to date, having taken 24 wickets.

Although Bates will not be with us next season, this season's acting vice-captain, Johnson, will be returning. Although his batting has not been so spectacular as Bates', he has played some exceedingly fine innings this

season, of which his 66 against Hitchin, in very wet conditions, deserves special credit.

Of the younger boys, 'Paddy' Oram deserves special praise, for his performance in taking 22 wickets to date, including a hat trick against Papworth 2nd XI, and snapping up five wickets for 18, the best bowling performance of the season, against Newport G.S.

Although I have singled out these three for special mention, we must offer credit to Rodgers and Scott, who bolstered the team in its shakier moments. Godfrey proved himself an adept defensive batsman and another ever-regular, Cooksey, performed well in the field. We must accord our thanks to those who were willing to play for the team, despite its shortcomings. Those from the lower school cannot fail to benefit from the experienced and despite the disappointments of this season, we should still look to the future with hope.

K.B. Woollard (Scorer)

THE OTHER COLLEGE CRICKET TEAMS

The Second XI played six games and although the qualification to play seemed to be that of being a member of the Rugby First XV, one game was won and two draws were achieved. We really need a bigger fixture list at the Second XI standard next year.

The Under-15 team had an unusual season, in that twenty players turned out at some time. We rarely had a full team out, as six players, Hardy, Thomson, McGann, Richards, Roberts and Linsey played regularly for the County team and we were proud to have so many players selected and pleased that so many other boys were good enough and happy enough to turn out occasionally. Despite this, about half the games were won.

The Under-14s also had a good season, losing but two games, and Hitch and Housden also gained County honours as a reward for good bowling performances during the season.

I.R.R.

SWIMMING AND ATHLETICS SPORTS

The Swimming Sports and the Athletics Sports were both held again, and were possibly the last to be held on an inter-House basis. The absence of the 5th-years meant that the competition was split into an inter-House competition for the 3rd and 4th-years and an inter-Tutor Group competition for the Lower Sixth. The sixth-form swimming relay was won by Mr Ponder's group, and the running relay by Mr Walker's.

General opinion seems to be that both these afternoons should continue, but in a substantially different form.

I.R.R.

ATHLETICS RESULTS:

1st Granta 74½ pts, 2nd Cam 51½, 3rd = Cherwell, Isis, 46½ pts. *Individual Champions:* Third Year, 1: Lodge, 40 pts, 2: Godfrey, 31 pts; 3: Southam, 30 pts.

Fourth Year, 1: McGann, 45 pts; 2: Thomson, 31 pts; 3: Kinch, 30 pts.

Senior Cross Country champion and Open 1500m champion, Andrew Ince.

Tutor Group relay winners: 6AJW.

SWIMMING RESULTS:

1st Cherwell 51 pts, 2nd Cam 38 pts, 3rd Granta 34 pts, 4th Isis 17 pts. Tutor Group relay winners: 6AMP.

THE PARISH OF

Tadlow

in the nineteenth century

Alan Kucia, of the Upper Sixth, gained second prize in the 1975 Schools Essay Competition, run by the Local History Council. He submitted a study of his village, Tadlow, as it was in the last century. Here is a part of it, in which Alan writes of the vast gulf that separated rich and poor a hundred years ago.

Tadlow is a small community of about one hundred souls, thirteen and a half miles South West of Cambridge. It is now mainly a dormitory settlement for commuters. In the last century it was a larger more important, self-contained village, averaging two hundred and fifty inhabitants. The villagers grew their own food; beer was brewed on the farms; the fountain spring ran clear water day and night. For the labouring families, who often could neither read nor write, the only contact with the outside world was taking farm produce to market or the mill. Only the farmers and the vicar had any freedom of movement. They had horse drawn transport, labourers had to use their own two feet.

The vicarage was, and still is, the largest dwelling in the village. It had four bedrooms with adjoining dressing rooms, quite apart from the servants' quarters. Downstairs were drawing room, dining room, study, kitchen, scullery, butler's pantry, etc. Attached was a two-storey extension with stables, hay loft, gig house and laundry room. Most of the labourers' cottages have not survived. The houses at River End are the oldest now remembered. It seems that just inside the walls was a trench, about two feet deep and two feet wide, which had been dug into the plain earth floor. The earth from the trench was piled in a flattened heap in the middle and served as a table. The sources are vague about where the inhabitants slept, but it was probably in the central area.

The squalor and overcrowding in these cottages was in direct contrast to the comfortable existence of those living in larger houses such as the vicarage and Bridge Farm house.

The low wages barely covered the cost of food, rent and clothes. In 1857 a man earned from nine to twelve shillings a week. Skilled men, horse keepers, etc., got fourteen shillings. Working hours were 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. for ordinary labourers; horse keepers would start at five in the morning in winter, and four in summer. Childhood was over early; though there was a school at least from 1861, and successive vicars saw to it that the facilities were improved, boys often helped their fathers by minding sheep or cattle on the roadside grazing, or worked for low wages as crow scarers, stone pickers and leading horses. Girls were often put 'into service' at the

age of ten, frequently being sent to another village to work as scullery maids in farm houses and vicarages.

One village girl who started her life in this pattern was my great Grandmother. Alice Medlock was born in 1874, the illegitimate daughter of Elizabeth Medlock of Wrestlingworth. In 1877, her mother married Alice's father, a cowman at Tadlow, and they set up home at River End. When Alice was ten, she went into service as a general servant at Hatley. However, when she was eighteen, she broke with tradition and journeyed alone to South Africa to marry Frederick Chaffey, a railway guard at Radfontein in the Transvaal. There she had her own native servants and sufficient money to return to England three times to have her family of four baptised in Tadlow Church. She finally left South Africa for good in order to establish a chicken farm in Hampshire, ready for her husband's retirement. It was a disastrous adventure, she lost all their savings, her husband died in the Transvaal, and she returned once more to Tadlow. She was now a poor widow and had to earn money as best she could to support her family. She went out washing clothes from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m. for one shilling a day. No soap was provided, only soda to soften the water. Parish Relief helped to swell her meagre earnings a little, but her life at the end, as at the beginning, was very hard.

A FARM WORKER'S BUDGET

FOR thirty years past a certain Cambridge-shire country rector has been sedulously watching the material as well as the spiritual interests of his parishioners. We learn that, from studying the homes of the agricultural labourers around him and analysing their average expenditures, he has compiled what he pronounces to be the typical weekly balance-sheet of East-Anglian agricultural labourers in 1925.

BUDGET.		£ s. d.
I.— <i>Household</i> :		
Rent, 1s. 6d.; firing, 3s. 6d.	5 0
Butcher, 5s.; baker, 5s.; grocer, 4s.		14 0
Clothing, 1s. 6d.; boots and repairs, 1s. 6d.	3 0
Milk, 7d.; soap and lighting, 1s.	1 7
Club, 1s.; newspapers, 8d.	1 8
Doctor, 6d.: Prudential insurance, 6d.	1 0
		<hr/> 1 6 3
II.— <i>Husband</i> :		
National Insurance	5
Tobacco, 1s. 4d.	1 4
Pocket money, 2s.	2 0
		<hr/> 21 10 0

Husband's week's wage, £1 10s.



13 Mar 1893 Mrs. Jackson, Col. [Tower Farm] wife & eldest son away. [H.W.S] At 8.30 p.m. Tues. June 1 1915 about 100 soldiers with 5 officers, began to arrive in 6 motor lorries. The last came at 2 a.m. They made the School their headquarters, where they set up a telephone in the large room. Most slept in the open. The bulk had departed on Wed. the 2nd by 9 a.m. [H.W.P.S]

Camps of boys for St Paul's Sch: Lodd on Aug 17 1918 26 boys with masters & 3 soldiers total was 32 they did farm work. Camp was struck on Sep 16. some slept in School.

Most interesting of the 19th century vicars was Dr. H.W.P. Stevens, incumbent from 1889 to 1940. He used the Parish Registers of Burials etc, as scrapbooks for notes on village life, photos and cuttings. For example: 'Widow Boston 21.viii.92 told me that Mr Squire took his second wife (who was in debt) stark naked at night.

She crossed the road in this state and was then covered by a coat.' The item above is from the Register of Baptisms, as is the list at the foot of the previous page, compiled by Stevens in the 1920s, when times were still harsh for agricultural workers.



The Author outside Tadlow Church (19th Century)

KILL AND LET DIE

JAMES BOND comes to Hills Road

Mr Coney rattled sadly the coffers of the Art Department, confirming what we already knew: there was no money to spare for the making of a film such as ours. Now it is an undeniable fact that sixth-formers do not part with their money easily. This is not because they are mean (usually), but because they seldom possess any. Art, however, will usually find a way, and so it proved: casting was done on the basis of financial standing and gullibility. Rupert elected himself treasurer, and despite malicious reports of travel brochures secreted about his person, the film was born.

This time it was going to be good. The film was going to be a logical follow-on from the money-spinning epics *Shoot-out at the L.M. Corral* and *Terror Castle*, both of these offerings having been put out by the up-and-coming Coney stable in the 1975 season. Those films were three minutes long; this one was to be in excess of fifteen. Some honest-looking gentlemen advertising Kodak films in a magazine seemed to offer the best prices, and despite warnings from Tim Howes, we sent off hopefully. In two days the films returned intact, and the group was faced with the prospect of actually filming something. But what?

Suggestions had been plentiful. We soon realised that no-one (to our knowledge) had ever made a biblical epic at Hills Road; however, an inexplicable excess of applicants for the part of God, and the difficulties in marshalling hordes of Jews, meant that the Old Testament declined in popularity. After a brief but passionate flirtation with *Macbeth*, the whole concept of the new film was at a low ebb. Then, one morning, Rupert Anderson suggested a James Bond film.

Rupert and I, as producers, spent long hours formulating the outlandish plots. Many of the best ideas, however, resulted from group discussions around the table in Room 39 at lunchtimes. Enthusiasm reached a peak. It was decided that most of the major villains of the Bond books should appear in the film. Michael Jeffries would be Blofeld, Robin Kirk Dr No; Robin promised to manufacture for himself a pair of artificial hands, whilst Michael undertook to manufacture an artificial cat. Baz Ryan and Vince Tyler were to be Largo and Red Grant respectively, and Rupert soon cast himself as Goldfinger. I was to be 007, and I made it clear that I had no objection to being typecast in this way. A willing young lady in the neighbourhood, by the name of Kate, showed all the right credentials and was promptly recruited as the heroine. Stephen Robinson became Oddjob, whilst such doughty fellows as Patrick Salmon, Val Widdowson, John Pate and David Randall were eager to fill the minor parts. Patrick died at least five times during the film, and all of them were gassed.



GEORGE KOBIELA

The cast assembled on a drizzly Sunday morning in February, to film the *Dr No* episode. Wandlebury would be too wet, and as somebody was sure it had been blown down by the recent gales anyway, we set off for the comparative shelter of the Lion Yard. Filming proceeded apace; Kate was duly rescued from Dr No, dressed as a veterinary surgeon (Robin's father provided the costumes). Some weeks later she was rescued from a lecherous Blofeld, and Goldfinger's plans for world domination were foiled.

By March and April, problems had started to build up. One episode failed to come out at all — someone had left the outdoor filter in the camera during the inside shots. The A Levels were fast approaching, money was short, and the project was in danger of stagnation. Ultimately, it was the very pressure put on us by the approach of the end of term which saved the film. A trip to Wandlebury rounded off the unfinished scenes, and as we filmed masses of captions, Mr Coney helped with encouragement and general badgering. We offer our thanks for his help and patience; sometimes his enthusiasm exceeded that of the cast. A tireless Stuart Barker looked after the interior lighting with amazing enthusiasm and professionalism.

Thus James Bond came to Hills Road, and the film was put on general release in July. It was a big project, bigger than we imagined, but the biggest feeling of success comes from having pulled through. Perhaps now we'll have a whack at *Macbeth*...

John Oxenford



Very good, Mr Bond – but not quite good enough . . . !

G.8
Found this on Notice Board.
Did I really write it? C.W.H.

Wallpapering O-level

There were several timetable clashes brought to my notice which were still unresolved at the commencement of the O-level examinations. After due consultation with the Southern Universities Joint Board, the following arrangements have been made.

Those taking the Polish O-level on the morning of 27th June will take the wallpapering O-level that afternoon unless they are taking French and Biology, in which case they will take it the preceding Monday.

Those taking the Airships and Allied Crafts O/A-level (this should apply only to three members of the Fifth form) will take the W/P O-level on the 28th June A.M. providing that their French 1, English and French 2 papers alternate. Should they also be taking the Geography Non-specialist Option (Rock Garden Geomorphology) this paper will now be shifted to Thursday. This should not apply to anyone in this school.

However if anyone is taking Asiatic Studies (S14/D79) they will now be able to take W/P IF THEY SO WISH; on the time first allotted to it *providing* they have at least two R's in their name.

Anyone taking under 10 O-levels and who is also under 4ft 6ins tall will also now be able to take W/P as a non-specialist option; providing their left leg is shorter than their right.

If anyone is taking the Polish and the W/P Paper, and is under 4ft 6ins tall with their left leg shorter than their right with two R's in the name: HA-HA HA-HA HA.

C.W.H.



R.L.D.



Eye Appeal

The star on the map opposite marks Shivnagar, in the Pilibhit District of Uttar Pradesh. What can such a remote spot have to do with the gentlemen from 3RE on the same page?

Last December, as the snow fell on what proved to be the only really cold day of the winter, they and others from their form put on a sponsored Form Olympics, with such events as five-a-side football, badminton and table-tennis. They raised the amazing sum of £86, which was added to money collected in a campaign organised by Caroline Round, Andrew West and others, with posters by Peter Mauger.

The total sum raised, £185, was sent to the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind, and we were delighted to hear in due course that the money had paid for an eye camp at Shivnagar, when 415 patients were treated for eye diseases and 73 were operated upon and their sight restored.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY WISHES
TO PURCHASE (OR BE GIVEN!) SECONDHAND
SEWING-MACHINES & ELECTRIC IRONS IN
GOOD WORKING ORDER. SEE MRS. M.
CLEAVER OR MR. DALLADAY. THANKS!

Modern Languages Society

This year there have been more meetings taking place in the dinner hour, as after-school meetings have suffered from generally low attendances. The playing of a tape of 'Le Misanthrope' by Molière at this time seems to suggest that this is an idea that could be successful in the future. A reading of 'L'Avare' had also taken place in an earlier meeting.

There was an informal meeting to start off the year, in which new linguists were welcomed to the College by the Upper Sixth. A highlight of the year was the return of four Old Boys — John Fenwick, Patrick Sutton, Charles Webb, and Martin Lury — to talk about their education after leaving the school.

Bryan McGuire, with usual enthusiasm, was responsible for two talks, 'Communication' and 'Humanism', the former being very popular.

Peter McCann's improvisation session was a good idea, but unfortunately was not well attended.

Andrew Peacock (Secretary)

Classical Society

'The *what* society?' is the question invariably asked by our new intake, with a blankness that could only make the most up-to-date of us feel like living anachronisms.

Peter McCann started the year off with his usual energy and imagination in 'A Plautus improvisation session', soon to be followed by Mr Newhouse on a brief sojourn away from the unenviable task he has taken upon himself: that of Hellenizing Bassingbourn; he gave the sixth form a run-down on Marius.

Our competition for the best translation into English of a storm sequence from the *Aeneid* was won by Simon Howley's spicy version, with Kim Frost as runner-up. Mrs Beales then, with quiet efficiency, took a large party to see the Thracian Exhibition.

Kevin Shenton's talk on Julius Caesar turned out to be a sort of *Life and Loves* without the *Life*, an interesting, if a little patchy, appraisal, and the antithesis of Nigel Rubbra's 'Last Hours of Rome', which was very well researched. David Ryan succeeded in the none too easy task of humorising military history with a rare blend of showmanship and scholarship.

Our notice board has been receiving some well-appreciated help from the lower school in the shape of Russell Richard, and Michael Jeffries has introduced a touch of Hollywood spectacular into our publicity side, with encouraging results.

Our inter-schools' counterpart, The Classical Association, while generally continuing on its competent and pedestrian path, provided some special interest with its 'Fatal Accident in the Barber's chair' reconstruction of a Roman courtroom. David Crook won the Latin reading competition, and came second in the Greek.

If anyone has any ideas for next year, (especially for things you would be willing to do yourself), I would be very happy to hear.

David Crook

A French poem by Peter McCann and the winning entry to the Vergil Competition appear overleaf.

After our vessels, skating on the depths,
Took us so far our vision scanned no land
But only found salt water and the sky,
Over my head a heavy cloud if black
Boded a storm, and instantly the winds
Tormented the vast and quaking furrows
And powerless we rode the boiling plain.
The light of day was dimmed by misty cloud;
And dazzling bolts of flame startled the gloom.
Driven from course, we blindly strayed the sea
Quite three days, hugged by dark, oppressive dusk,
And three nights without stars in densest fog
We drifted lost and single on the waves.
At last, with four days gone, a glimpse of land
Gave our sight cliffs and prancing wisps of smoke.
The sails were limp; we braced against the oars;
Without delay the oarsman did their work –
With strokes they gashed the dark-blue sea to froth.

Simon Howley

The competition was open only to the lower school, but some sixth-formers tried their hand for fun. Here is David Crook's version:

By now my fleet had struck the open sea
The shore soon slipped away from sight.
Only sky, only ocean. While we see . . .
Hovering, token of tempest and night,
Rains, just overhead; soon the sea-swell bristles with
 shadows
Winds spin surge, the sea towers high –
Floundering, hurled in a deep swirl, it throws
Us apart. A dank night has stolen the sky
And storm-clouds have wrapped round the day
Lightning redoubles through fissured clouds
We wander like blind men, flung far from the way.
Roaming three days in a dark shroud
Uncertain days, the nights without a star,
So long; but on the fourth, land
Just seems to climb in view, and from afar
To show hills, to roll smoke-strands.
We whisk the oar-blades, down the canvas
No dawdling, the sailors heave
To cut the foam, or to sweep the blue mass.

L'abandon

Poème en style ancien de Peter McCann

Entouré de gerbes amoncelées
En rase campagne, délivré
D'une douloureuse pensée
Je dois bien oublier tous mes maux
Au sein de jeunes filles à la faux.
Que le temps est beau,
Que la terre est belle!
On voit à peine l'hirondelle
Qui vole et plonge d'un coup d'aile
Autour de ce riche tombeau.

Le soleil brûle ma figure toute nue
L'air pèse, la terre est chaude.
Mais bientôt l'hirondelle ne volera plus
Quand je pendrai de l'échafaud.
Une terreur me glace quand je pense au soleil,
À ce riche tourmenteur qui me ronge le cœur
Quand je pense aux étés tout pleins de bonté
Où l'on s'éveille chaque matin, les mains entrelacées . . .

Mais je ne regrette plus. Voici la saison
Qui 'éclipse peu à peu ces mauvais souvenirs,
Qui enterre les belles images, les ruisseaux
Etincelants, et les folles orgies du cœur.
Ce riche tombeau n'existera plus
Oublié, enseveli dans un sol tout nu!
Vain espoir! Elle ne me quittera pas
Son existence se mêle à moi
Et l'hirondelle volera encore une fois!

Une rancune increvable me tord le cœur
Quand je songe à cette fille qui était mon amour
Au sein de jeunes filles à la faux
Je dois, nécessairement, oublier mes maux.

La récolte est finie, et les feuilles tombées
Me voilà qui m'envire dans les grappes dorées
Hors de moi, chancelant, tout mousseux et mouillé,
Assoupi sous ce soleil qui se couche peu à peu
Accablé de nuages, roses et molleux.



CHESS CLUB

After the successes of the last two years, the performance of the senior team might be viewed as something of an anti-climax. This would, however, ignore the real effort put into matches this season, and would fail to recognise the worthwhile, if not outstanding, achievement of a team which faced many setbacks due to loss of players at one time or another.

Both the *Sunday Times* and the District League teams were fortunate in that the core of the side was provided by four players, Feinstein, Pollyn, Burton and Kong, any one of which could have played on the top board. Support for the District League was given by Stanley, while able assistance in the *Sunday Times* competition came in the shape of Horvath and Black. Despite the loss of Feinstein, the team proved strong enough to maintain its position in Division I of the District League, and reach the semi-final of the *Sunday Times* zonal competition. The Under-16 team was ably led by Kong.

Finally it remains for me to thank Claire Ryan for her willing support and help with teas during matches, and Dr Wylie, without whose enthusiasm and concern the Chess Club would soon fade.

A.D. Burton.

ACROSS:

1. It works out programmes very quickly.
5. Holds in high regard.
8. Have one occasionally.
9. You need one to measure something.
14. Goes on in the theatre.
15. Built the Rocket and a famous name in the school.
16. She is in "the sky".
17. You should fight for your country.
20. Musical instrument.
21. A local fish.
22. State of the U.S.A.
24. Post something.
25. A company can be this.
28. Go to church to confess.
29. Find your direction by it.
31. For ever.
33. You must do this in the exams.
36. Quite contrary.
37. Destroys things.
38. Again.

DOWN:

1. School veg.
2. For the intelligent.
3. From China.
4. Ancient civilisation.
6. Charles Aznavour sings.
7. Great tale is an anagram.
10. Do wrong and you're in it.
11. Teachers initials in drama.
12. What the girls look for.
13. Part of a flower.
16. Peacocks.
18. Famous forest.
19. Canine.
23. Country of Eastern Europe.
26. Brings your bills.
27. The stuff that teams are made of.
30. Go back.
32. Negative.
34. For the dust.
35. Near the coast.

College Council

Although the council failed once again this year to change the world, it did manage to fulfill quite a useful function in our college. It seems to have overcome the problems of the school-college changeover, and has settled comfortably into the role of dealing with the day-to-day problems here.

Its major contribution this year has been to encourage talk in 'higher circles' concerning a new sixth-form hut. It also sponsored both a sixth-form disco at Christmas and a Lower-school disco in the summer which unfortunately had to be cancelled for lack of support. Caroline Round retired after being a very energetic chairman of the charities committee for over a year.

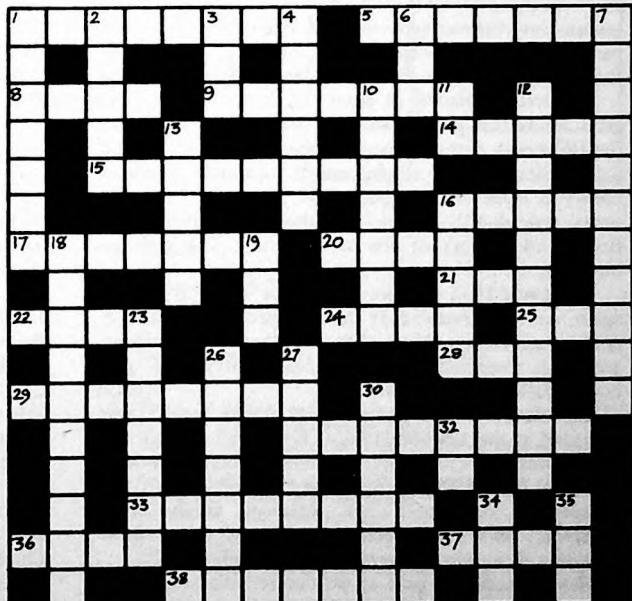
The Lower School, too, made abundant use of the council, and seemed far less overawed than in previous years. An abortive attempt was made to change the detention system, but a more successful result was achieved in defining the ethics of confiscation (at that meeting, incidentally, the attendance was the highest for several years).

One can now safely say that, despite all the doubts, the council will continue to have a very useful, if sometimes mundane, function in the college.

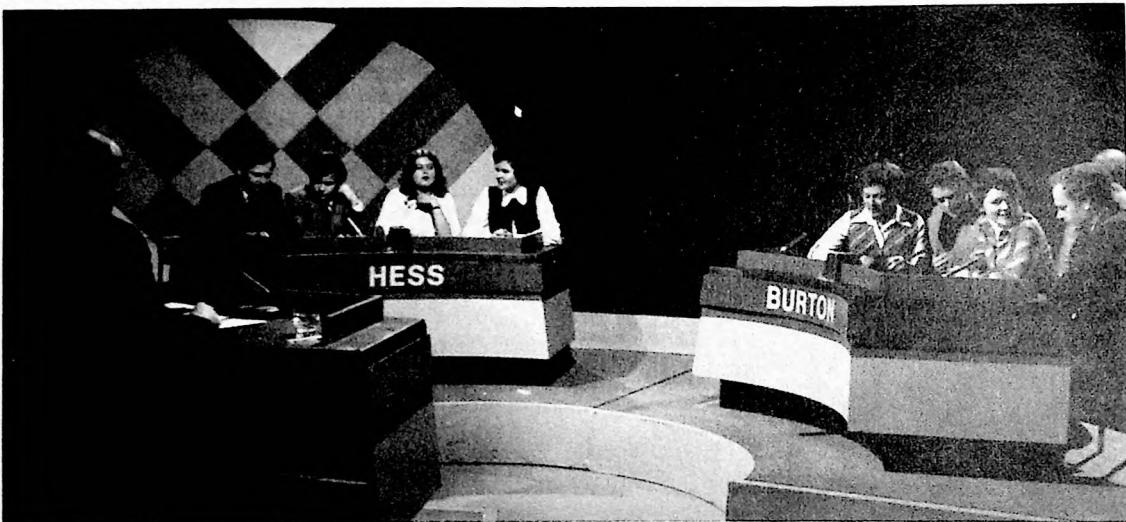
Bryan McGuire (*Hon. Sec.*)

Crossword

Compiled by Grant Baker, Steven Johnson and Michael Unsworth (4MM).
Solution on back page.



CONFESIONS OF A QUIZ PLAYER



The transformation from ordinary, law-abiding inhabitants of Cambridge to minor 'celebrities' came as something of a shock to my family, having been previously one of the many millions of dedicated armchair players who avidly devoured quiz shows on television. The reason for this unexpected transformation was our participation in the early-evening BBC programme 'Ask the Family'.

We first attempted to enter for this show in 1974, after Mr Walker gave us an entry form. An interview at the University Arms followed, memorable mainly for the sound thrashing we administered to another hopeful family in front of the producer, Mr Korer. An enjoyable series was slightly marred by the participation (and first-round defeat) of the same family. That's show-business.

In August 1975 we were asked if we would like to try again, were interviewed at the Shepherds Bush studios and informed on November 3rd that we had been accepted. Preparation (i.e. wholesale buying of quiz books) followed in earnest.

On November 30th, our first round match was recorded at the London studios. We arrived at 3.00, and had to wait for 45 nerve-racking minutes before we were taken to a conference room and introduced to our prospective opponents, the Passway family from Montrose. At 4.10 we were taken through labyrinthine corridors to Studio 4, where our fates awaited us.

Hearts missed a beat as we entered the studio. We were awe-inspired by the banks of lights hanging from

the ceiling, the four massive television cameras dotting the floor, and the desks with the simple legend 'BURTON', microphones and monitors. Make-up was applied, and a dummy-run started. We were massacred by the other family, and our spirits sank to an all-time low. After a ten minute break, the countdown for the real show started. At zero, the music began, and credits rolled. We sat tensely as introductions were read by Robert Robinson, the quizmaster. Then we were off, with an anagram:

TAKE MR PURSE (Clue: when shopping)

To great amazement, we went 10 points up as my mother answered correctly. After that, everything clicked, and we left the other family for dead. Unbelievable scorelines arose: 10-0, 70-10, 130-25. Though we eased up towards the end, the final scoreline 190-75 was the biggest margin of victory in the series.

The next round, against the Hedge family from Gainsborough, was recorded on February 8th, eight days before our first round victory was to be broadcast. Here we very nearly came unstuck through undue haste, often letting our opponents in after our mistakes. However, a 100-130 deficit was converted to a 160-130 victory in the final minutes. None of these problems were faced in our semi-final game against the Hess family from Cheshire, and we coasted to an easy 175-130 win. We had reached the final!

The final, recorded on March 7th, was the most

nerve-racking experience we have ever faced. Our opponents, the Clarkes, had eliminated en route a family with a computer-like 14-year-old which we had regarded as invincible. The battle which occurred was a truly memorable contest, acclaimed by all as worthy of the final. The scores were level all the way through, first one family leading, then the other. Once again, trailing by thirty points at 120-150, we pulled back, but were horrified at 170-170 when the time came for the dreaded last question. When asked to name the science referred to by a certain mnemonic, I made a blind, and incorrect guess. The other family supplied a half-correct answer, and we waited in agonised suspense as the stage crew debated as to whether or not to accept it. After five minutes, we learned that another 'last question' would be asked. Again we sat stumped for 15 seconds. Suddenly, the answer hit me like a blow, and as I frantically attacked the buzzer, I stuttered out the reply that won us the series at 180-170!

There followed a long period when we struggled not to divulge the result of the final (though one member of the college found an ingenious method of learning the truth). The final was shown on April 19th, and since then we have enjoyed a certain notoriety, and we are looking forward to a Spanish holiday at the start of September. Though we enjoyed the experience, I do not think we would do it again — though any other enterprising college-student and family is welcome to try!

A.D. Burton (LVI)

SOME SAMPLE QUESTIONS: *Answers on Back Page*

- 1 Next two numbers in sequence: 1:2:6:15:31:56:?:?
- 2 Missing letter: R N B Q ? B N R
- 3 Answer (in Roman numerals): MM — MCMLXXI = ?
- 4 A batsman in 9 innings scores an average of 45 runs. How many must he score in the next innings to have an average of 50?
- 5 What title did the Earl of Somerset and Oliver Cromwell have in common?
- 6 Who was the last English king to lead his army into battle?
- 7 Which two Scandinavian warriors will soon complete a 360 million mile journey of discovery?
- 8 Who painted: The Night Watch? The Laughing Cavalier? Flatford Mill? The Fighting Temeraire? Guernica?
- 9 Who was born at 14 Bruton Street, Piccadilly, 26th April 1926?
- 10 If the blind lead the blind (biblically), what tends to happen?
- 11 True — false? President Ford is younger than Mr Wilson
 - A diamond will not burn
 - A horse can sleep standing up
 - This century will end on 31st December 1999
 - Henry VIII beheaded 3 wives.
- 12 and last: What was brought to a sudden end with knives and forks and a can of oil?

THERE'S NO MIKADO LIKE OUR MIKADO!
RUSH TO SIGN ON WITH OUR FABULOUS CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT



Congratulations to Tat Yung Kong of 5 GH, placed 12th in the annual British Mathematical Olympiad, which was held in March this year. He was awarded a Certificate of Distinction.

P.S. And he obtained a Grade A in A level maths this summer — from the Fifth Form! Well done.

a sort of crossword by RETIARIUS

In this puzzle squares can contain more than one letter (any number from one to four). Here is an example:

Across

1. Concerning ships (5)
3. Very large indeed (5)

Down

1. Horse (3)
2. Brave (7)

¹ N A	² V A L
³ G	⁴ I A N T

All the Across clues are entirely straightforward. In the Down clues, part of each clue defines the answer, and the rest of it describes the word in a more roundabout way. The number in brackets after each clue gives the number of letters in the answer. The one square that only contributes to one word contains a single letter.

¹	²	³	⁴	⁵
6		7		8
9				
10			11	
12	13			
14				

Across

1. Collector of poems (11)
6. Publish (4)
7. Try to excel (5)
9. Undecipherable (9)
10. Vessel (3)
11. Subdivision of a county (6)
12. Oscillate (7)
14. One who restores into constituent parts (7)

Down

1. This is of Biblical antiquity, and in value it is fantastic (12)
2. Dictator: assaulted the French king (6)
3. Inventive, or eccentric, like exactly half of an Esso rig in a loch (8)
4. Deserving affection, which makes unending love strong (7)
5. This is the essence, is in short great (4)
8. Hustles off: most succulent (7)
11. If one is involved in, for instance Labour, it produces equality (6)
13. This isn't much to wear, only half as much as braces (3)

Solution on last page.

THIS IS THE WORLD CALLING

Whether it stands beside your bed, whether it accompanies you up the road in your bicycle basket, or even if it sits in your living room, you cannot fail to be influenced in at least some of your life by the Radio.

However, have you ever thought about the part radio plays in other countries? Have you ever thought about what these foreign radio stations might be? Indeed, have you ever thought about trying to listen to them? To listen to the World? If you have, then this article will tell you how to go about it.

The first thing to do is check which bands your radio has. If it has VHF, or FM, as it is commonly known, you will not be able to listen to the world, but, with a good aerial you should be able to receive transmissions from many parts of Britain, and, indeed, Western Europe.

If your radio has Medium Wave and Long Wave, or AM, the most common radio bands, then you will have a lot more scope. There are easy to hear transmissions from, for instance, Radio Moscow, which broadcasts in English from Russia. This station can be heard any evening at 21.00h GMT (10.00pm BST) on 201 metres, or, if your radio is in 'kilohertz', or 'kilocycles', then you should tune to 1500khz. Another easy station is Radio Sweden which broadcasts in English from Stockholm, every evening at 23.00h GMT (12.00pm BST) on 255m. or 1180khz. They are very famous amongst radio listeners for their 'Saturday Show', which is rather like 'Monty Python'.

You may have noticed that these times are comparatively late in the evening. This is necessary on Medium Wave because a distant signal can only travel a long way in darkness.

Turning to Long Wave, the English service of Radio Algiers can be heard most evenings at 19.00 GMT (8.00pm BST) on 1182m.

These are by no means the only foreign stations broadcasting in English on Medium Wave and Long Wave. There are approximately 92 English stations on these frequencies — the Authors have heard 50 English language stations on Medium Wave and Long Wave.

However, for the real 'DX' (DX means 'Long distance radio station') one must turn one's attention to the Short Waves. Two out of every three families have a radio with Short Wave on, so the chances are, you will have one.

An aerial is a necessity for Short Waves, but this does not involve any expense. If a few metres of wire are plugged into the aerial socket that will be sufficient. (The authors use 20m. of wire.)

The easiest stations to hear are in the table below:

Station	Best Time	Best Frequency
The Dutch World Broadcasting System (Radio Nederland)	09.30h GMT (10.30am BST)	5955khz; 6045khz; (49m)
The Voice of America	18.00h GMT (07.00pm BST)	9760khz (31m)
Radio Budapest	21.30h GMT (10.30pm BST)	5965khz; 6005khz; (49m)
Radio Tirana	20.30h GMT (09.30pm BST)	7065khz (42m)
Voice of Turkey	22.00h GMT (11.00pm BST)	9515khz (31m)

There are many other very easy ones, but if you have heard some of those above, you might like to try for some more difficult ones:

Radio Finland	14.00h GMT (03.00pm BST)	11755khz (25m)
Radio Peking	20.30h GMT (09.30pm BST)	6410khz (49m)
All India Radio	19.35h GMT (08.35pm BST)	9525khz (31m)
Radio Portugal	20.30h GMT (09.30pm BST)	6025khz (49m)
Vatican Radio	20.30h GMT (09.30pm BST)	7250khz (42m)
Israel Radio	20.00h GMT (09.00pm BST)	9815khz (31m)
Radio Kuwait	17.00h GMT (06.00pm BST)	9555khz (31m)

So — the position is you have heard a foreign station, but will your friends believe you? Will anybody believe you? You must obtain a verification from this station.

The way to go about this is to first obtain the exact frequency of the broadcast. For this example, let us use Radio Kuwait, who can be heard pumping out 'Heavy Rock' any evening at 17.00h GMT. Set out below is an example of our report:

STATION: Radio Kuwait
DATE: 25th March, 1976
(N.B. Always put the month as a word, as some countries do not recognise the numerical date.)
FREQUENCY: 9555khz in the 31 metre band.

Now, this will give an indication of when you listened. Now you must describe the reception. There are several

الإذاعة والتلفزيون الجزائري

RADIODIFFUSION - TELEVISION ALGERIENNE

Q. S. L.



UNITED NATIONS RADIO
LA RADIO DES NATIONS UNIES
РАДИО ОБЪЕДИНЕННЫХ НАЦИЙ
LA RADIO DE LAS NACIONES UNIDAS
聯合國廣播處



تقرير

THE VOICE OF VIETNAM

53 Quan Sa Street — Ha Noi

Democratic Republic of Vietnam

To Simon Knott — Date May 20, 1976

VERIFICATION

QSL ... from ... WNEW

It is a pleasure to verify your reception of
RADIO STATION WNEW on Feb 6 1976
from 2025 to 2027

Thank you for your interest, and for writing
to us. Keep listening! PC

Paul Champion, Chief Engineer

WNEW New York City . . . 50,000 Watts . . . 1130 Kilocycles

marks and suggestions on programming
reciated.

РАДІО

НИІВ

RADIO RSA

The Voice of South Africa



ways of doing this, but the internationally recognised way is known as the SINPO-nic Code.

The SINPO-nic code is a code of 5 numbers, each number serving a different purpose.

The S stands for signal strength, ranging from extremely strong (5) to only occasional word audible (1), thus, 'moderately strong' becomes (4), 'fair' becomes (3), 'poor' (2). (Signal strength is also known as 'QSA').

The I stands for interference from other stations, ranging from (1) for 'Interference level makes audible reception possible' through to (5) for 'No interference'. (Interference is also known as 'QRM')

The N stands for noise, i.e. noise caused by Static, and thunderstorms, (known affectionately by some listeners as 'Crash-bang'). (5) means no noise, (1) means 'noise too loud to make reception audible'. (Noise is also known as 'QRN')

The P is probably the most difficult to understand. It means propagation, that is, fading. If there is a very deep fade, or fluctuation in the signal making the station almost impossible to listen to, that would be (1). (5) would mean 'no fading at all'. (Fading is also known as 'QBS')

O means overall rating; 5 for excellent, 1 for unusable.

So, if Radio Kuwait has a Moderately strong signal (S=4), no interference (I=5), Moderately strong noise (N=3), no fade (P=5) and an overall rating of Fair (O=3), then our Sinpo Code would read:

SINPO=45353

That will give all the information of quality of reception that a station requires.

To make the report more valid, always give some indication of programme details. An example:

At 17.00h a male voice said 'Hello from Kuwait', then read the news. Then a female voice introduced 'Rock from Kuwait, which had music from Deep Purple and Pink Floyd'.

Next, you must ask for a 'QSL' card. A QSL is a verification card/letter issued by the station to verify your reception. Some are very beautiful; ones to look out for as being exceptionally beautiful are those from Radio South Africa (21.00h GMT, 10.00pm BST, 11900khz 25m); Radio Australia (0645h GMT, 07.45am BST; 9570khz, 3m) and All India Radio (see above).

Finally you might like to make some (constructive) suggestion towards the contents of their broadcasts, and perhaps ask for some magazines from the country (nicely). Radios Moscow, Peking and Poland are great stations for sending out magazines, calendars, books, pennants, badges, posters, etc.

The greatest thrill in DX-ing (Long Distance Radio Listening) is receiving that first verification. (The authors' first foreign QSL's were from Moscow and Poland.) There are also many low-powered stations all over Britain, some run by the BBC (e.g. Radio Solent, Southampton, Radio Medway, Chatham and Radio London) and some by the IBA (e.g. Radio Orwell, Ipswich; Radio Tees, Stockton; Swansea Sound, Swansea). They are too numerous to mention here, but the authors will be glad to give anyone full details who asks.

We hope this article has been of some use to you — DX-ing has many side benefits — making contact with people all over the world, learning more about life in other countries — and, with progress as it is, it is sure to become a big hobby in the future. If you would like any more information, the authors would be only too glad to help.

Simon Knott and Carl Goss (4MM)

Roll on the College Press!

The Art Department's 72 year old Arab Platen Printing Press was brought down from Manchester and installed in July 1974. Type was bought, help and advice in restoring the press was given by Mr Dunston from C.C.A.T., and Mr Stone constructed a cabinet for the storage of type.

The press has been used to produce programme covers for College and School events, including *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*, and *Amahl*. Other products include disco and party tickets, Christmas cards and letter headings. The most important use of the press recently is its adaptation to A-level Art, being used for typography in the Design paper by J. Bendall and L. Darling.

Recently two students from the Lower VI formed a printing group, SIGMA TWO, and have been carrying out contracts mainly during their own time, printing disco, party, barbecue and dance tickets, representative and advertising cards and letter headings.



S. JOHNSON

NEWS FROM THE KITCHEN FRONT

Frogs' legs and sheep's eyes have yet to grace our luncheon menu, but Mrs Stutters, ever alert to the fascination of the exotic, did one day delight us with Porcupine Balls. Gourmets found themselves impressed at the size, and as the doyen of the Biology Department was heard to murmur, it gave new meaning to the old chestnut: 'How do porcupines mate?' — 'Very carefully'.



A Puppet Theatre for Cambridge

At the beginning of the summer term the Cambridgeshire Arts and Leisure Association (C.A.L.A.) commissioned the Handicraft and Art Departments to design and make a puppet theatre to be used on courses at their centre by children and adults.

The theatre had to accommodate various types of puppetry:— Marionettes, Rod, Hand and Shadow puppets.

Under the guiding hand of Mr D. Brown various groups of students helped construct the theatre. The Proscenium Arch will be painted by the Art Department in the Christmas term and it is hoped that lighting will be installed by a small group during one of the Recreational Studies afternoons.

C.A.L.A. are financing the project and it is hoped it will become a focal point for puppetry in Cambridge.

Anatomy of Abstraction

A-level Art Course at Burwell House

On Tuesday, 9th March, 1976, 28 college students made tracks to Burwell House and a course on the subject of Abstraction. In the practical sessions in the Art Studio, we produced a variety of abstract work under the guidance of Mr and Mrs E.A. Coney, assisted by Mr and Mrs N. Rands and Miss S. Turnbull. Included in the course were films and lectures. The films included *Slow Down*, a psychedelic film which by using sound and light

effects produced a 'stream of juxtaposed and superimposed images of speed and time'; *The False Mirror*, about the techniques of Magritte, a Belgian artist; and films on *Sight and Insight* and *Picasso* (a video-recording). This last examined the life, works and technique, as well as the personal ideas on life, of Picasso.

On Tuesday evening we had the pleasure of a lecture on *The Vanishing Image*, by a guest well known to former pupils of the school, Mr Peter Ince. His lecture dealt with the life and work of Kandinsky. The lecture on Wednesday evening was given by Mrs J. Crowe on *Projection Systems*, which traced different sorts of perspective and abstract ideas from the Renaissance onwards. During the later parts of Tuesday evening we were split into four groups; each group had to produce a light sound workshop on abstraction. These were shown to the other groups on Wednesday evening. The activities



finished on Thursday afternoon with some art games ingeniously devised by Mr Coney.

The course was a most enjoyable one with intense hard work from 9 am to 10.30 pm and Mr Coney hopes to run another during the 1976-77 year.

Dylan

Brainteaser

Sally tells the truth more often than me, and she said that Bill's age is not a number that lies between two prime numbers. Bill said that the sum of our ages is 41, and also that the sum of the prime factors of my age is 8, but then Bill always lies. Sally said that the sum of the digits of Bill's age is definitely not the square root of the sum of the digits of my age. Even though Bill is old enough to vote, she added.

Bill said that the difference between his age and mine is a factor of both our ages, and with that the conversation ended.

Can you give the ages of Bill, Sally and me, given that, although each of us may either lie or tell the truth, we do so consistently.

Compiled by I.C. Thompson
Answers on back page.

TOMORROW

by Lyn Morley

'... the light tomorrow, the truth tomorrow, Judg – er – men', Judg – er – men – t – t Day too – morr – ow . . .'

The short, dirty figure rolled down and then up the pavement, trying hard to pronounce words and gulp down cider at the same time. Its body was a mass of grey, sweaty coat, a pair of tatty trousers held up with string attached to a hat pulled over his dirty forehead and a holey pair of gum boots. One stubby hand felt along the wall, while the other guided a glass bottle to his slobbering mouth. Sometimes the liquid would not get as far as his stomach, but would drip from his chin as he sang.

'Tomorrow' – he stopped and faced the broken, rotten door of his so called abode – 'I shall be, ha, yes well . . . um . . . I shall be a new man and you . . . yes you, my dear friends, shall – ha, be a man, a new man,

now just you wait and see . . . see . . .'

The door fell down as he spat on to it. As usual. He fell into the damp room and sprawled himself on to a ragged heap of clothes.

Plaster fell onto his face as he rubbed it against a near wall. He tried to blow it off but ended up sticking it to his face with saliva. Green moss had formed in patches on the ceiling. Stagnant water dripped continuously down the green, slimy walls. A window had been covered up with an old sheet; below it plaster lay scattered around the floor in heaps, sometimes mixed in puddles with the dripping ceiling water, sometimes with dirty clothes.

In one corner there stood an old painted blue table covered and surrounded with empty bottles and newspaper. The odour of greasy fish and chips, tobacco and beer, slowly drifted round the room as the wind found

TOMORROW

by Jonathan Calvert

The sun rose and as usual on a Thursday, Philip was woken up. He emerged from his cocoon and looked around him. Nothing had changed. Above him he could hear the blaring transistor of Jim, the teenage 'hippie'. Below him was the sound of Mrs Williamson creeping around on her crutches. Nothing had changed overnight.

He made himself a cup of coffee and fried an egg, but after making it, didn't feel hungry, and so threw it away. He looked at his watch: it said 8.15. He set off for work.

The day passed as all the days did in the factory; after watching television in the evening he returned to his cocoon to sleep for another six days.

Philip often wondered about what the other people were like – the people who occupied his flat the other six days of the week. He looked at them all: the Sunday giant of a man; the Monday old lady; the Saturday young man who was going bald very quickly; the Tuesday fair-haired student; the Wednesday middle-aged lady; and there, on Friday, the most beautiful girl he had ever seen – how he wished that she lived on the same day as he did. She was perfect, his ideal girl, but she lived on Fridays, and he on Thursdays. He wondered what life must have been like on Earth before the population increased to such a size that each person was allocated one day only, and the other six were spent in 'deep-sleep' controlled by computers. He wished his day had been Friday, because *she* lived on Fridays.

And so life went on for Philip, every Thursday. His best friend, a young man who also worked in the factory, and had the abominable name (or so he thought) of Iesu, suggested to him once or twice that he apply to change days, before the idea really sank in. If one had really good reasons (and they had to be good) to change days, then one could apply to Central

Computer for an application form.

The more Philip thought about this idea, the better he thought it was. If he could get his day changed to Friday, then he would be able to meet this girl.

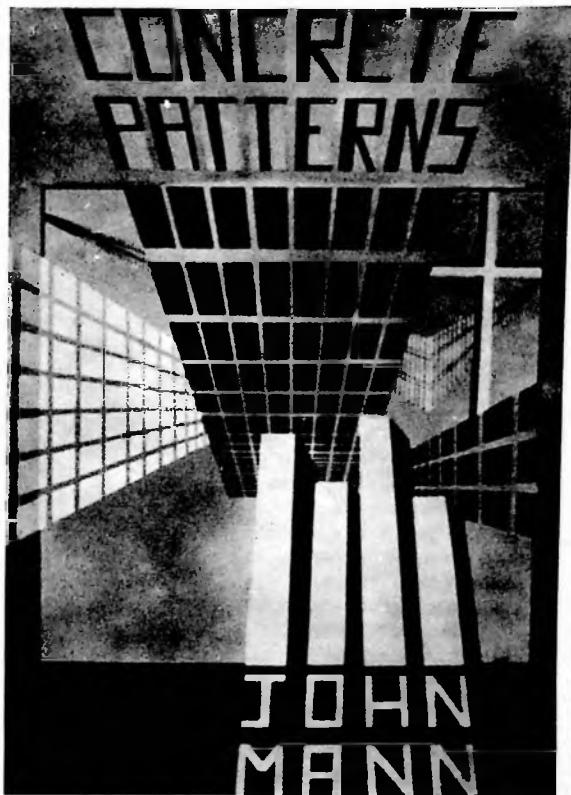
On Thursday April 19th (the day the Thursday prime minister resigned from his job) Philip applied to Central Computer for a transfer. He said that he wanted to move to Friday, and put his reasons down as 'uncontrollable love and passion'. Two days later – Thursday April 21st – the computer replied. His application had been turned down on the grounds that his reasons were not good enough.

Work went on as usual in the factory, and soon after the prime minister's resignation, talk of war was going round. Only once before since this new system had been introduced had there been a war – on Mondays. But the destruction caused remained for the rest of the days, and so Central Computer had managed to bring about peace after a couple of days.

Christmas was approaching for Thursday people which meant an annual holiday. Decorations were put up and all joined in the celebrations – all that is except Philip. He spent the day at home looking at his Friday girl in her plastic cocoon.

Philip applied for a transfer again in January, and again in February, but with no success whatsoever. He eventually decided that the only way he could get to Friday was 'by hook or by crook'.

He plotted that if he didn't return to his cocoon one night, but instead kept awake all the time, he would arrive on Friday, and so meet the beautiful girl there. The date he planned for was Thursday June 21st. This was the longest day of the year, and would therefore have the shortest night, and would be easiest for Philip



its way in through holes and cracks in the walls.

His body suddenly stiffened as he uttered a few drunk words. 'Tomorrow,' he said, 'tomorrow I shall be a new, a new man, God will descend from the high heavens and banish all sinful men from the earth . . .' His words seemed to be absorbed into the walls before they had been spoken.

But he soon forgot his prophesying. 'Where the dam . . . is that bottle and why is that bloody light shining in my face?'

It was tomorrow.

He threw the empty bottle at a hole, through which the warm sunrays sprinkled into the room and across his face. He stood up and wiped the plaster from his face, kicking bottles across to the table at the same time.

'Tomorrow – light tomorrow – the truth tomorrow. Judg-judgment Day tomorrow.'

to last.

The day came, and he acted quite normally towards his friends, telling them nothing and pretending that he would be with them all again the next day. After leaving off work he had his tea as usual and then prepared himself. He had decided to take along none of the belongings, since he felt he could always obtain what he needed on Friday, and either way, the most important thing in his life was the girl.

He spent his last Thursday evening watching television: a modern situation comedy about a couple who lived on Sunday; an old film from the 20th century, and an even older documentary on the war in Vietnam.

At 11.0 precisely, as it always did, the hooter sounded for people to go into their cocoon for 'deep-sleep'. Philip remained where he was. All seemed to be going well until he heard some feet entering the flats.

'Guards!' he thought, and dived into the nearest cupboard. The steel boots of the guards rang as they hit the floor with tremendous force.

Guards were not in fact human, but robots automated by Central Computer and designed to search out people trying to escape the system.

The guards clanked into Philip's flat, sending shivers up his spine. He had no idea what the punishment was for offenders, but he was quite certain Central Computer could devise something really nasty. The guards went past, and Philip breathed again.

The night passed without any further incidents. The sun rose and as usual people began to awake from their cocoons. Philip emerged from his cupboard and looked around him. The girl hadn't woken up yet. He thought that was rather strange, but he didn't worry, she would

be awake soon.

Philip decided to go out for a walk, to explore the new world he had arrived in. The scenery was the same but the people were different. In the pub he always frequented on Thursday lunchtime were completely different people, people who lived in a Friday world.

It was midday on Friday 21st June when Philip returned back to his flat. He expected to see the girl running around, for perhaps she was out at work or something, but when he entered the front door he could see her, still in her plastic cocoon.

There was only one way to find out what was going on and that was to ask Central Computer. Central Computer knew everything because it had thousands of memories, and also because it was the only thing that existed seven days a week.

He sent in a written application asking for details about this girl. He didn't know her code number or her name, so it was rather difficult to fill in the form, but Philip hoped that the Computer knew which girl he meant.

The reply came back the following day (Friday June 22nd). Printed in the grey computer type it said:

TO T94620019 PHILIP
CONCERNING F39011145 JENNIFER
TRANSFER GIVEN TO THURSDAY WORLD
REASONS: IN LOVE WITH MAN IN SAME FLAT
ON THURSDAY
CONDITION: SERIOUS
THIS SLIP DATED 21.6.47 FRIDAY
1Q417Q322Q00-1/74Q9

The Sea at Night

Midnight blue waves, lap against
 The sandy shore
 And the slippery grains reflect
 Crystal in the silver moon.
 The ragged rocks are silhouetted
 Against the distant horizon.
 The day has slipped into
 Darkness all too soon.
 The serenity and peace of
 This summer's night
 Reflects in the sea
 And floats in the wind.
 The shore deserted seems
 So still and the air searches
 As though some desperate
 Secret trying to find.
 Dreams in transparent
 Bubbles skim the sea
 And disappear carrying human hope.
 The boats lodged deep
 In soaked sand
 Are held from drifting
 By the ragged rope.
 The air is warm and
 Mingles with the breeze.
 The only light directed from the sky.
 And as the human race
 Sleeps peacefully
 No one hears the seagulls cry.

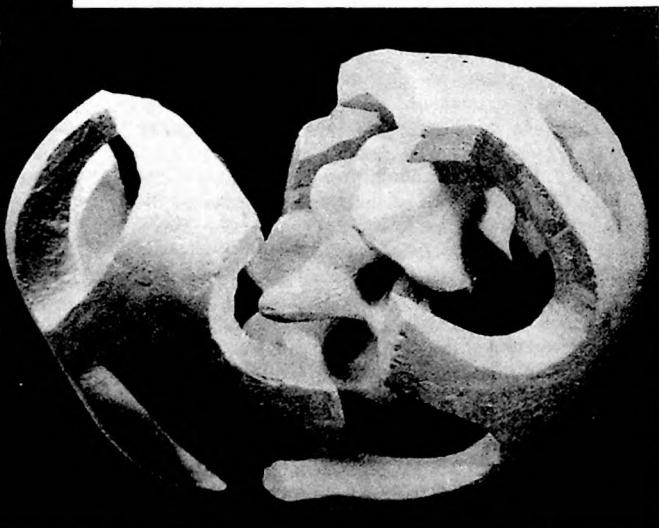
by Jane Hilton, 6DBH.



JOHN MITTIAM



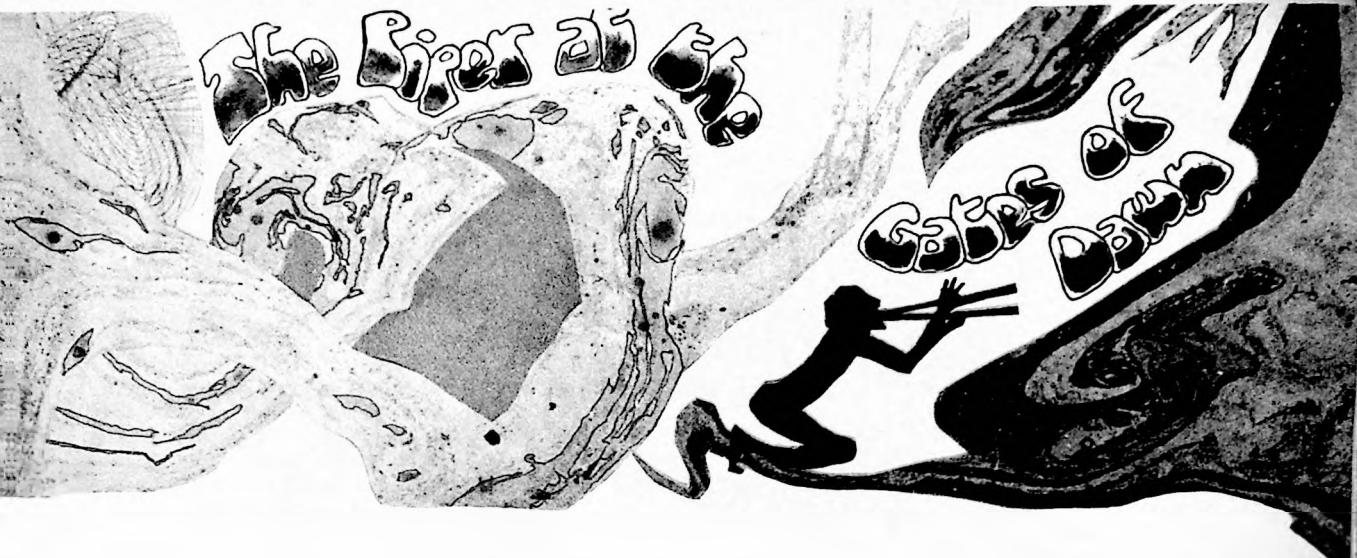
SHEILA GEEING



JANE BARLOW

*On the counterpane of your life –
 A unicorn; blanched and bleeding profusely.
 Its horn cracked, split – broken,
 Your wisdom is
 Lost,
 In a world of circles you touch, but neither can
 Feel nor see;
 Death lies asleep.*

Jacqui White



Roger Keith 'Syd' Barrett, the distinctive ex-Floyd musician, composer and mystery man, was born in Cambridge on January 6th 1946 and lived at 183 Hills Road. Syd attended the Cambridgeshire High School for Boys from 1957-1962, as his father, the late Dr Max Barrett, had done. Dr Barrett had musical interests and for many years was Secretary of the Cambridge Philharmonic Society; on his early death, when Syd was 15, the Society founded an award presented annually at the C.H.S.B. Speech Day, the Barrett Prize for Music.

Syd, a bright, extrovert teenager, played the banjo, ukulele, recorder and piano before taking up the guitar, and his early musical interests included the Shadows, Bob Dylan, Donovan, Chuck Berry, the Beatles and the Stones. Jimi Hendrix he regarded as a perfect guitarist. After the High School, Syd went to the C.C.A.T. to do an art course (artistic talent had been apparent from junior school days). He played with David Gilmour in an acoustic twosome at a Cambridge folk club called the Mill; they changed to electric guitars and Syd played with rock groups including Geoff Mott and the Mottos, and the Hollerin' Blues.

A scholarship at Camberwell Art College brought him to London and into the origins of the Floyd. George Roger Waters, a mate of Syd's who also attended the C.H.S.B., 1954-61, was on an architectural course at Regent Street Polytechnic — so were Richard Wright and Nicholas Mason. Waters, Wright, Mason, Clive Metcalf, Keith Noble and Juliette Gale formed groups, calling themselves Sigma 6, then The Tea Set, then The Architectural Abdabs, and finally The Abdabs. From The Abdabs came the nucleus of Floyd in Waters, Wright and Mason, who brought in Bob Close (a jazz guitarist who soon left), and Syd Barrett (lead guitarist and vocalist). Syd started to write songs for the group. They became The Pink Floyd, then The Pink Floyd Sound, and finally The Pink Floyd again. The group's name was inspired by a record of Syd's by two Georgia bluesmen, Pink Council and Floyd Anderson.

From February 1966, Floyd played at the Marquee Club, Wardour Street, London on Sundays, along with Donovan, AMM and others. This was the era of the Bohemian look and coloured clothing which suited Syd's individualism and his liking for outrageous clothes. Floyd played Chuck Berry numbers and experimented with their electronic instruments... the acid-affected audiences began to sway.

That June Floyd were seen by Pete Jenner, who offered to manage them. They were doubtful about their staying together because Waters and Mason had to consider their architectural careers, Wright was a music student and Barrett wanted to be a painter. But on October 14th, 1966, Floyd played their first weekly gig at the London Free School's Sound/Light Workshop — in All Saints' Church Hall, Notting Hill. The following day Floyd played at a party at the Roundhouse which launched Britain's first underground newspaper, *The International Times* (IT). The same month Floyd's first recording sessions took place. The last of their regular shows at All Saints', on November 29th, was reviewed in IT: 'Their work is largely improvisational and lead guitar Syd Barrett shoulders most of the burden of providing the continuity and attack in the improvised parts.'

To finance IT, John Hopkins and Joe Boyd started the UFO Club in the basement of 31 Tottenham Court Road on December 23rd 1966. Floyd played there on the first night and from then on, as the audiences of up to a thousand squeezed in, Floyd began to develop their electronic music, influenced by the creativity of Barrett in the production of original compositions and light shows.

Floyd's first single, *Arnold Layne* (produced by Joe Boyd), was released on April 11th, 1967, with another Barrett song, *Candy and the Currant Bun*, on the B-side, and it just entered the top 30. *Arnold Layne* was one of Syd's first compositions and related the sinister predilections of a transvestite; the lyrics were used in the Oxford Book of Verse as an example of the contemporary lyric as fine art. Floyd joined EMI, being signed up by Beecher Stevens, and Norman 'Hurricane' Smith was appointed as their record producer.

GAMES FOR MAY

On May 12th, 1967, Floyd played their 'Games for May' concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on the South Bank, which was one of the first ever solo concerts, with no support band. The concert was a musical and visual exploration, with EMI setting up speakers at the back of the hall, making the first quadraphonic PA system in Britain, and Floyd's prototype 'azimuth co-ordinator'. Syd Barrett wrote a special song for the concert entitled *Games for May*. Later the title was changed to *See Emily Play*, the song was recorded and climbed the charts to

reach number 5.

Floyd made three appearances on the despised *Top of the Pops* and around that time changes in Syd became noticed. Joe Boyd noticed that the characteristic twinkle in his eye had disappeared and the mysteriousness had taken its place. For the *Top of the Pops* shows the group were given money to kit themselves out in freaky gear and Syd turned out in white casual shoes. Syd turned up for the second show dressed in normal scruffy clothes and unshaven, and for the final show he arrived in his new pop outfit but changed into raggy clothes for the actual performance.

Floyd's first album was released on August 5th and titled *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*; Syd took the title from the odd-chapter-out in Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*. It reached number 6 in the album charts.

HA HA SAID THE CLOWN AS THE PIPER BROKE DOWN IN HIS DREAMS OF STARDOM

Floyd toured Holland, Denmark, U.S.A. and Britain, and also joined a roadshow along with Jimi Hendrix, The Move, Amen Corner and the Nice. From June onwards the changes in Syd had become more dramatic and on the roadshow in November the changes began to affect the group. Syd sometimes wasn't around to play in gigs and Dave O'List of the Nice deputised. As the acid had taken its effect on Syd it affected his playing also and when he did play, his style was erratic, he lost time, was inconsistent and his spirit had gone. Syd had become concerned with the conflict between the spiritual and the material and this is reflected in his later songs. It was announced on February 18th 1968 that David Gilmour had joined Floyd. After a concert at Olympia the previous December, *Christmas on Earth Revisited*, Waters had talked to Syd about the situation and suggested that he still be a member of the group, writing songs and playing on recording sessions, but not appearing on stage. In April 1968, however, the announcement was made that Syd Barrett was no longer a member of the Pink Floyd. Syd left behind him some of Floyd's most brilliant compositions and memories of himself.

Syd began his post-Floyd career with a solo album

The Madcap Laughs, released in January 1970. He appeared at an Olympia extravaganza on May 30th, along with Gilmour (bass) and Jerry Shirley of Humble Pie (drums). He was on radio shows with John Peel and Bob Harris. In November 1970 his second album, *Barrett*, was released. Syd lived for a while in the flat with the purple and yellow-striped floor used for the cover shots of *The Madcap Laughs*, and then he returned to Cambridge where a reporter from *Rolling Stone* found him and commented on his obliqueness and tenseness. In 1972 Syd formed a group in Cambridge, called Stars, with Jack Monck (bass) and Twink (drummer from Tomorrow, Pretty Things and Pink Fairies). The group only played twice, at King's College and the Corn Exchange, but didn't put it together and Stars broke up. A group of Syd's loyal following formed The Syd Barrett Appreciation Society.

AND WHAT EXACTLY IS A DREAM?

Syd had explored new areas, mastering the use of wah-wah, edging on the use of feedback, and creating wild and fragmented rhythms. He did away with rhythm and lead distinction in his compositions and his lyrics show contrast and conflict between imagination and reality. Syd's originality and his determination to take his music as far as he possibly could made him one of the great pioneers of rock music in the late sixties, but publicly unrecognised because his musical explorations were too far ahead of his contemporaries in rock. He does, however, have the acclaim that he deserves from his inspiration in Floyd's early years. Their *Wish You were Here* album (released September 1975) has its maintrack *Shine on you Crazy Diamond* dedicated to Syd's spirit and madness, showing that although the Barrett creativity faded, the presence of his influence on Floyd still lives on; he had a dream, what exactly it was and how far he succeeded in his dream, only he knows.

L.M.D. (LVI)

Acknowledgements to Mrs W. Barrett for information, reading the script, and her kind permission to publish this article.

SEE EMILY PLAY (Barrett)

Emily cries but misunderstands

She's often inclined to borrow somebody's dreams till tomorrow.

There is no other day Let's try it another way

You'll lose your mind and play, Free games for May . . . See Emily play.

Soon after dark Emily cries

Gazing through dreams in sorrow, hardly a sound till tomorrow.

There is no other day Let's try it another way

You'll lose your mind and play, Free games for May . . . See Emily play

Put on a gown that touches the ground

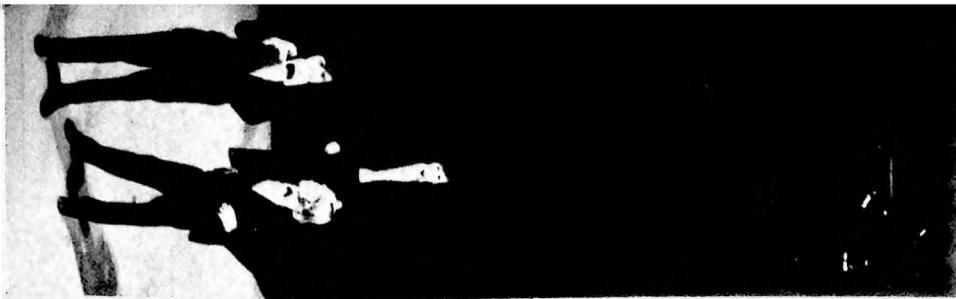
Float on a river forever and ever, Emily, Emily.

There is no other day Let's try it another way

You'll lose your mind and play, Free games for May . . . See Emily play.

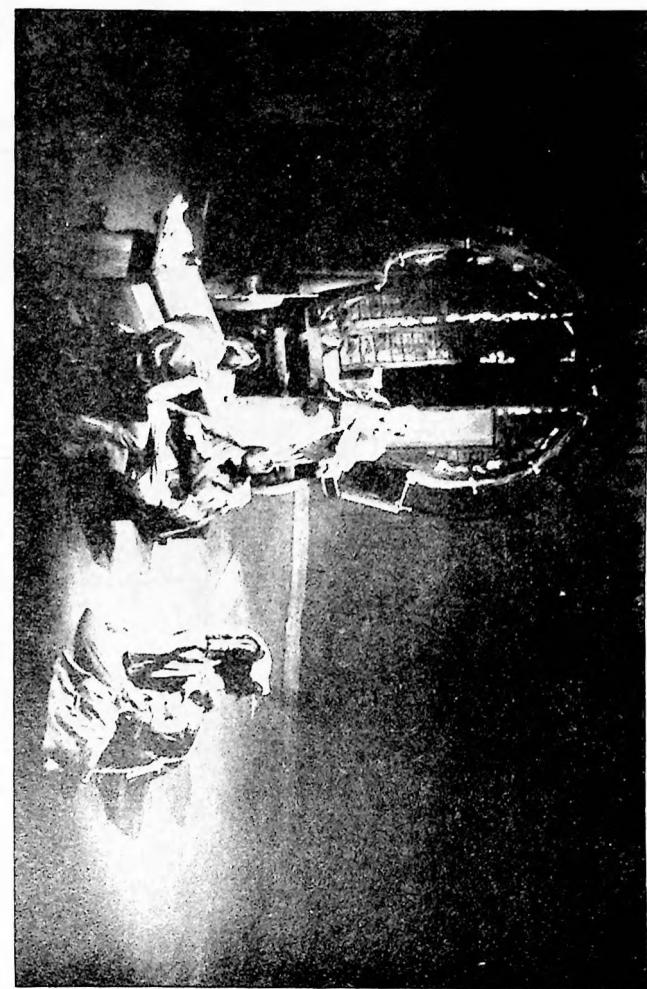
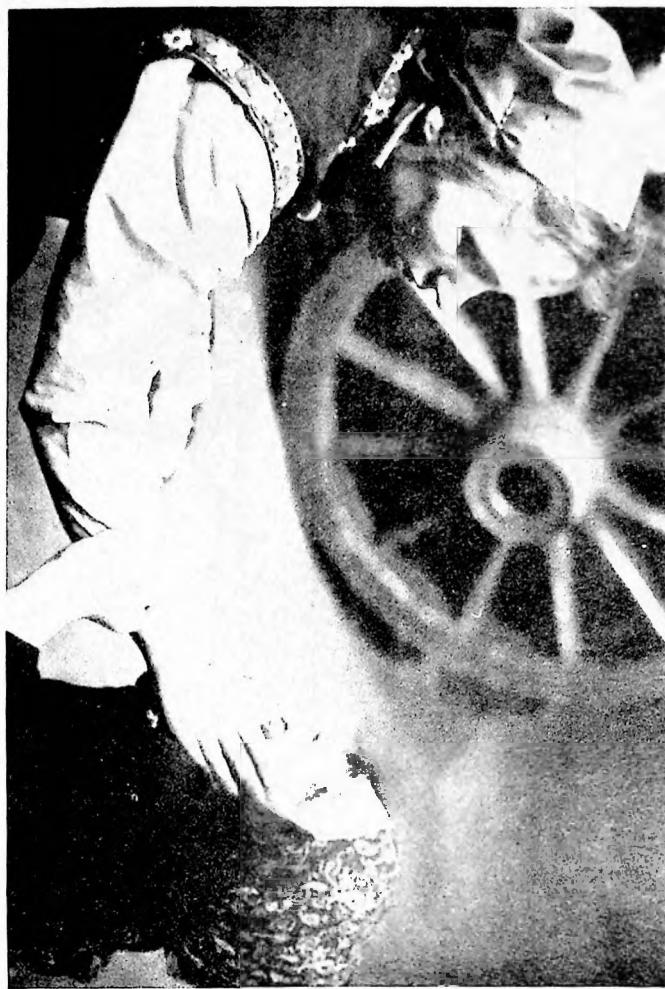
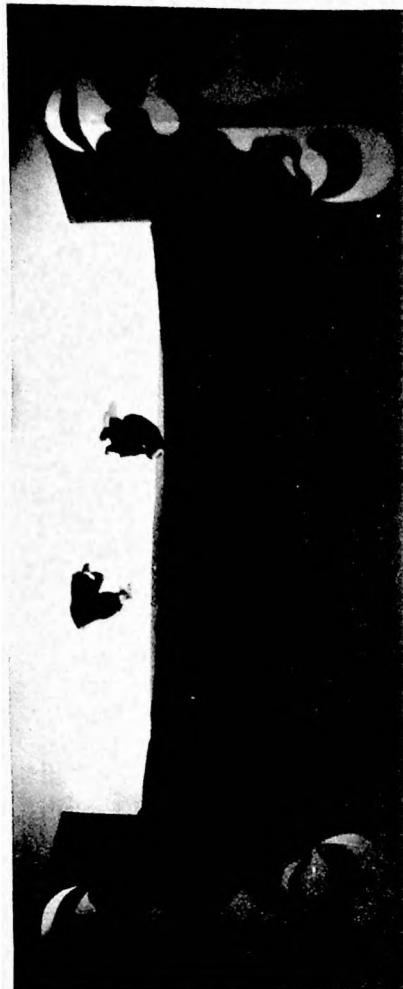






DRAMA

38





An Elizabethan Progress, by Bert Parnaby, produced by Peter Ince. A joint production with other schools. September 1975.

It seems a long time ago, perhaps as long ago as last Christmas, or even longer. I remember going out of curiosity and friendship, and being pleasantly surprised. The entertainment was an exercise in amalgamation and adaptation. Having started as a pageant, written by Bert Parnaby for Great St. Mary's, it ended as a multi-media pot-pourri, shown in our theatre and with performers from the Manor School, Bottisham Village College, and both the Cambridge Sixth Form Colleges. There were films and magic-lantern slides (how that takes me back to dream children's parties), shadow puppets and shadow actors, and a good deal of taped material to tell the story. This cornucopia of cause involved a large number of people exercising a great range of skills and crafts; and very well they all came out of it.

Only one item stands out in my memory for excellence (the dows' debate about how Queen Elizabeth should be received); and I remember one as being dull (a succession of slides without commentary) and another as being disappointing (the reception in Great St. Mary's). It is however, the overall impression that is clearest to me from so long ago, and that is that it was an extremely pleasant show of imaginative variety. Peter Ince, who co-ordinated it all and assembled the pieces into a satisfying whole, should feel very happy at the success of his architecture.

S.W.

Mother Courage and Her Children, by Bertolt Brecht. Setting by Kevin Shenton and Ian Rumsey, lighting by Robert King, sound by Mark Wilkinson, songs set to music by Peter Charlton, producer Roger Dalladay. December 1975.

This sturdy production of Mother Courage in December justified the bold choice of play. Brecht wrote it just

before the Second World War when he was a refugee from Germany. It is about camp-followers struggling to survive through a long and messy war. Mother Courage lives by selling things to the troops of either side, and her one concern is to keep her family and her business going; she loses all her family, but at the end of the play is still dragging her wagon single-handed after the armies. The other survivors are Yvette Pottier, an adventuress who marries an officer, and the Swedish Commander's Cook and Chaplain who shelter in Mother Courage's menage. It is a play about people who live in grim times, when only self-interest pays. Mother Courage's three children suffer for qualities of a different kind: Eilif for his naive zeal as a soldier, Swiss Cheese for his honesty, and Katrin for her concern for other people.

The story is told in episodes, and the great virtue of Roger Dalladay's production was that it maintained a strong forward thrust that preserved interest and continuity. He based the stage setting on Mother Courage's wagon, and ingeniously placed it to dominate the stage without cluttering it. He kept the curtain open between scenes, and the cast and stage staff made the few changes required with admirably unhurried efficiency.

There is a lot of earthy disrespectful humour in the text and a great many songs. This production made something of the humour but very little of the songs. They should, presumably, seem to well out from a community that enjoys singing and listening to songs; this was not the impression given in this performance, except for Yvette's song with Katrin's delightful mine.

The play started with a successful Dalladay variation, a cheerful village festivity with a charade of the leading figures in the Thirty Year War. From then on the whole thing centred round Mother Courage. Pauline Diggins showed herself well up to the responsibility and gave us a resourceful and determined survivor. Without a firm central character the production would have lost shape; perhaps she could have found more variety in the part, but she did what mattered most in providing an archetypal character who maintained our respectful interest to the end. There were two other outstanding performances: Jacqui White was eloquent and moving as Dumb Katrin, and Val Widdowson was both entertaining and convincing as the refugee chaplain. Mother Courage's other refugee, the Cook, and her other children, Eilif and Swiss Cheese, were all capably performed by David Leake, Peter McCann and Nigel Rubbra. Shelagh Day managed both the allure and the arrogance of Yvette Pottier, and Jim Newberry made his mark as her servant. Some of the minor parts served to initiate new performers, and one or two episodes involving them were confused and unsatisfactory. The production was well supported by the lighting and sound effects: Mark Wilkinson's complex sound helped to create a varied sequence of moods. The costumes were suitably varied but it was surprising to me that the Regimental Clerk should have such a flamboyant uniform.

The designers, Kevin Shenton and Ian Rumsey, the producer, cast and all concerned are to be warmly thanked and congratulated for making a real success of this daunting play. It must have been extremely rewarding for all who took part, and it gave those of us

who saw it a chance to appreciate in action a play that is not at all easy to read.

S.W.

A Short History of Dance, devised by the Art Department, and Amahl and the Night Visitors, opera by Menotti, produced by Roger Barlow. January 1976.

The evening of *Amahl and the Night Visitors* was evocative and entertaining. The opening item, *A Short History of Dance*, was a clear illustration of the skill and diversity emanating from the Art Room these days; more on that in the next article.

For the opera, *Amahl*, the musical resources of the College were aided by two outstanding instrumentalists from outside. The part of the mother was sung by Ruth Phelps, her crippled son Amahl by John Sprackland, and the Three Kings by Ian Metcalfe, Michael Tyler and Edward Hosken. Ruth, who has a good voice, joined us only last September, whereas Ian and John had already proved their prowess in *Oliver!*, and when the chorus of shepherds began to swirl in a rapid circle I remembered that many of the younger members had danced as trolls in Roger Barlow's production of *Peer Gynt*.

One must applaud Roger Barlow for providing, in *Amahl*, a moving and entertaining event quite different from anything attempted by the Dramatic Society in the recent past. I only hope that the success of this opera will stimulate the College into widening still further the scope of productions in our Theatre.

A Short History of Dance

On January 9th and 10th, along with 'Amahl and the Night Visitors', we saw, 'A Short History of Dance', devised by Ted Coney as a curriculum project for third formers in lesson time. Different pupils were given a dance and left to construct their own sequence using Super 8 films and shadow puppets — combining the two techniques on the same screen.

The main production problem of continuity was solved by Mark Jennett's creation of an enthusiastic Frenchman as compère; turning the performance into an illustrated lecture. Particularly memorable — apart from the variety of the dances — was the Scissor Ballet by Mark Jennett, which was an ingenious take off of the ending of 'Swan Lake', and the Square Dance by Andrew Norton.

What started as an exercise in animating shapes with the help of the cine rostrum, became an amusing evening for the audiences.

Pinocchio

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead, by Tom Stoppard. Setting by Peter Mauger, directed by Val Widdowson. March 1976.

'Stoppard's R and G fascinates again,' proclaimed the heading in the CEN, and it was a truth, O my brothers. Val's production was the most polished of the year, and the wit sparkled throughout the carefully-paced and controlled performance. Non-realistic lighting demarcated moments of chill menace, too, like the unconventional, masked dumbshow; or of longing for the unattainable. It would have been nice to have unicorns. Longing even for some basic orientation in this world in

which we find ourselves, summoned by some unknown authority, inadequately briefed about our purpose here; this Ros. and Guil. most effectively communicated, in their nightmarish search for the direction of the wind, or of North, or even of the way they came in. And at the same time a nicely-mimed invisible wall prevented them from getting out again.

The very simple and very distinguished set by Peter Mauger admirably complemented those ideas in the play which Val wished to stress: distorted white and black masks suggested the theatre-versus-reality theme, and the ever-present contemplation of the mystery of death; and by their vast scale dwarfed the petty, lost characters.

Andrew Hunt, who played Rosencrantz, is arguably our best actor, and his performance was crisp and controlled throughout, beautifully varied and timed, and relaxed and apparently spontaneous. Philip Scotcher's Guildenstern matured and ripened as the run progressed; he seemed to have more of a struggle with the part, yet it is he that remains most sharply in the memory. His problems with diction did not prevent his sincerity of emotion from registering with poignancy.

It was in the scenes with the Players and the Court that originality of interpretation was most evident. The Player himself was to have been played by James Newberry, and from an excerpt from the part which the writer saw him perform on another occasion, it seems he would have made him a nervy, tragic figure, tormented by the rebuffs and implications of his trade. This would have chimed with Val's handling of the troupe of anonymous black-clad young actors, which avoided the tawdry seediness, the innuendo and pitiful attempts at titillation, which are surely intended in the text. In their mime scenes they were austere hierophants, and certainly their performance was most gripping. Young Alfred (Steve Scotcher) must have found his opportunities rather limited, though. In the event, when Jim's illness led to Peter Ince taking on the role of the Player at the last minute, the balance was redressed somewhat; Peter brought to the part a deep world-weariness. His greater age and experience of the boards than our R. and G., must have helped in creating the part of the old pro, giving him vital authority, without having to exercise evident effort to achieve his effects.

Least satisfactory perhaps were the court scenes, in which a 'distancing effect' was tried, through stylised gestures and music over the speeches, which achieved little except to make the actors appear incompetent. This weakness did not, however, too much spoil our enjoyment of an evening in which a very daunting play was brought before us with real success. We were amused and we were made to think. The house was quite good, but not full. You don't know what you missed.

R.L.D.

The Tempest, by William Shakespeare. Setting by Kevin Shenton and the producer, lighting designed by David McRobb, sound by Stuart Barker, producer Peter McCann. July 1976.

Peter McCann's production of Shakespeare's 'The Tempest' burst like a noisy firework display upon our stage at the jaded end of the Summer Term. It was a most lively, visually exciting piece of theatre, full of technical expertise on the part of the lighting and sound wallahs, and of imaginative daring on the part of the

director. Above all, one has to admire and congratulate all concerned for getting the production off the ground in the few weeks available after A-levels had finished. But then the entire inspiration of this venture seemed to me to spring from the joyous escape from the suffocating inhibitions of the examination-room into the abandoned freedom of Theatre. Prospero's magic isle was turned by Kevin Shenton's set into a studio of magic. Admittedly the raked magic-circle did have some disadvantages in that the grouping of actors was often untidy and precarious, but at other times it proved most effective especially for the dance of the Nymphs and Reapers most proficiently choreographed by the producer to combine the stateliness of a pavane with the rumbustiousness of a rustic jig. It was in fact this sense of paradox and contrast which pervaded Peter McCann's whole interpretation of the play so that, although it could be said that at times the actors played for laughs unashamedly, there were moments especially, in the hands of Val Widdowson as Prospero, of depth and sensitivity; if the sound was often raucous, the delicate cloud effects were soothing. These changes in mood were at times handled most competently.

Of course, the interpretation of the play was not without controversy: the producer saw Prospero as Shakespeare playing the role of a Jacobean Lew Grade putting on a final Royal Command Performance, ably served by the Kenneth Williams and the Morecombe and Wise of that period. Such a notion is bound to offend the purists, and those who relish 'The Tempest' either for its magic in the poetical sense ('The isle is full of noises' was blatantly sacrificed on the night I attended) or for its philosophical maturity (Gonzalo's speech about the ideal commonwealth, cribbed from Montaigne, seemed totally out of place) were bound to come away disappointed. But as a piece of theatre the production worked and effectively brought out some unfulfilled talents among the actors, more especially in the case of Michael Jeffries who has never performed better than as Ariel. With vigour and resource he competently camped his way to the hearts of his audience who soon learnt to forget the ethereal nature of the true sprite and accept this more human and more tainted imp. His relationship with Prospero was not the conventional slave-master set-up, but rather that of a Chaplin persuading a Sam Goldwyn to tear up a

contract. In fact what use would liberty be for this Ariel, without his audience and victims, without the chance of bursting forth like a Jack-in-the-Box from the banqueting table, without the opportunity to sing 'Full Fathom Five' in drag?

Two further 'comics', John Oxenford (Stephano) and Tim Howes (Trinculo) dominated the stage uproariously in the Caliban scenes. They were 'good turns', especially the latter in his striped Edwardian bathing-costume, but were too unrestrained to allow David McRobb to portray Caliban as much more than a poor brutish beastie without any of the nobility in his make-up that Coleridge noticed. It was a great pity that the sheer energy of the clowns did not rub off on to the Royals who looked as if they had just been hi-jacked, as of course they had, in a sense (I have no doubt that we shall see 'The Tempest' produced with Entebbe Airport as its setting before long!). They all lacked drive and verbal projection, and their words were still muted long after the audience's ears has recovered from the assaults of the storm-scene. James Newberry (Alonso) seemed especially weighed down by grief and hair, sufficiently to set us wondering how this King of Naples could ever have been a threat to the likes of Prospero. Robin Kirk as Antonio, and Rupert Anderson as Sebastian, were most suitably languid and cynical, but lacked the depth of sinister malevolence necessary to evoke true villainy and thus make Prospero's forgiveness dramatically significant. Phil Scotcher as Ferdinand and Sheila Geering as Miranda were both effective in their roles and at times hit just the right combination in their relationship of pubescent innocence and passionate longing.

Val Widdowson's Prospero was always interesting and his stage-presence rivetting. He directed Ariel to stage the masque like some petulant impresario grudgingly agreeing to an encore, but for my money his moving recital of the epilogue was worth all the way-out effects of moog synthesisers and super sensurrounds put together.

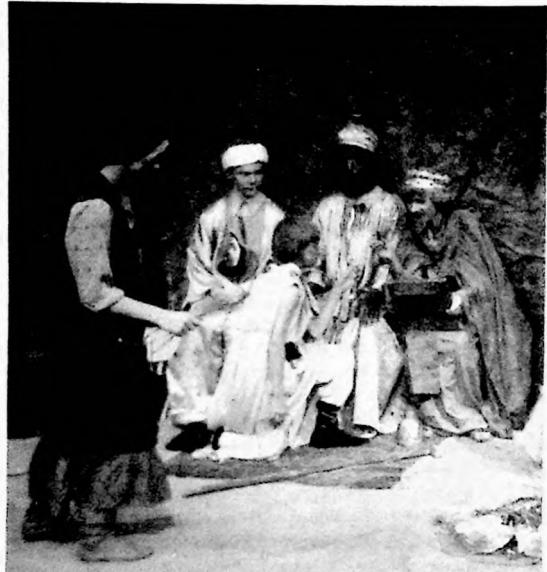
Once again what made it all thoroughly worthwhile was that it was a 99% student effort and brought together so many talented girls and boys from both College and School, all working in their own spheres, under a director whose talents manifestly measured up to his ambitious aim.

A.J. Walker



The Lower Sixth Drama and Theatre Arts set, in a Tale from Hans Andersen. They were joined in this lunchtime production by members of 4MM, and there will be another opportunity to see the show in the Christmas term.

* IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO PUT ON A PLAY, CONCERT OR OTHER ENTERTAINMENT, SEE MR DALLADAY.



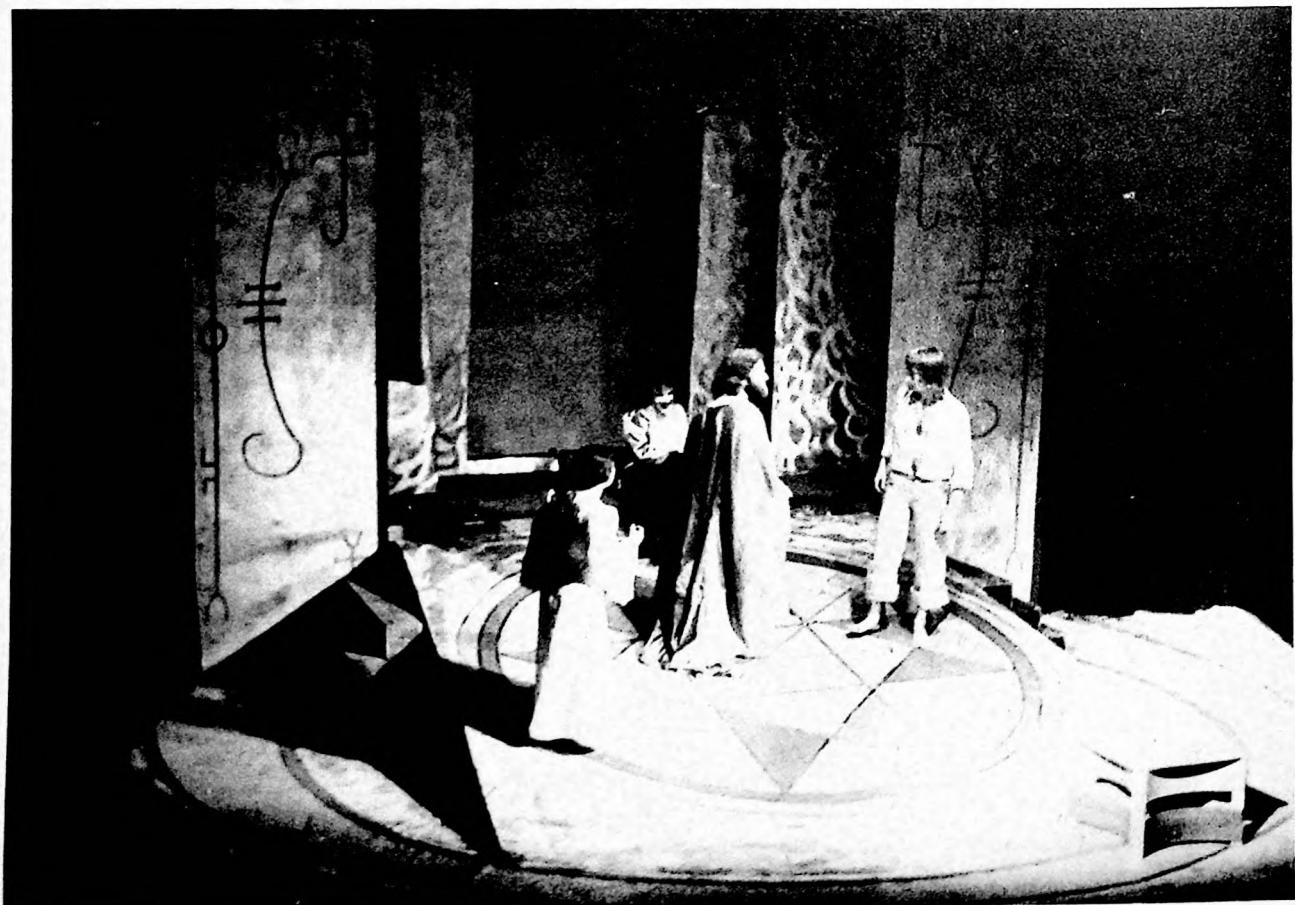
Amahl and the Night Visitors *

Michael Jeffries' protean Ariel →



Miranda (Sheila Geering) and Ariel watch the confrontation between Prospero (Val Widdowson) & Ferdinand

R.L.D



THIS IS NOT THE WEATHER BY BERT FORD

'Schizophrenic? That's a split personality isn't it?' says the average person when the subject is raised. He or she then turns to an empty space and says, 'Never met one of those; have you, Alphonse?'

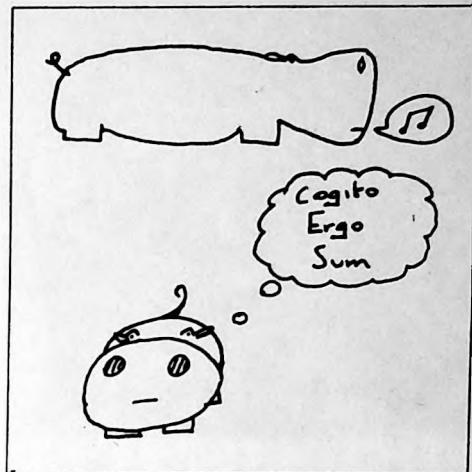
All very funny, except that nobody in his right mind would call their other half Alphonse . . . Think about it.

And it's all very well if your other 'self' is a person; you don't have to be on speaking terms, after all. But me, I've got a problem. My other self is a small hippopotamus. And it ain't funny, no way.

At first I hoped that it was only a bout of hippocondria. When I got stuck in the bath I knew it was for real. I had been out for ten minutes before I realised I couldn't get out.

It was a struggle, but eventually I were both free, so I decided to go to the baths for a swim to think everything over. One of the people there got a bit angry after I'd swallowed his cabbages, and wouldn't accept the fact that I don't like cabbage. I couldn't much understand what was going on, so I decided to sleep on matters — until some fool dragged us from the bottom and gave me artificial respiration. To quote Victoria: 'We are not amused.'

Next I went for a walk in the Botanic Gardens, trying to reason things out. After I had gorged myself on water-lilies we realised that I was hungry and went home for some sandwiches.



The list of horrors quickly rose. The following morning it took two hours to clean our teeth. During a yawn two Latin grammars and *Aeneid* Book Three were swallowed — with dire effects. And at Whipsnade Park, in the hippopotamus enclosure . . . but enough said about that.

Not long afterwards fear set in. Whole days were spent listening for the knock on the door in the night. Even now I cannot help looking behind me, because, like with guinea-pigs, if you lift a hippopotamus up by its tail, its eyeballs drop out.

Recently the hippopotamus spoke to myself, informing me in a tortuously faked German accent that it was in fact lemon flavoured.

'Help!' I cried. 'I need some aid!'

With a ghastly leer my four-legged self said: 'How about lemon-aid?'

'What the deuce?' I warbled.

'All right, lemon deuce,' I returned, spewing purple bilberry wine through the wall. 'But this conversation must be Quosh-ed! What is the day today?'

'Thursday,' I faintly bellowed at myself, wading through the Kennomeat.

'Yes, I'll have some lemon-flavoured chutney wine.'

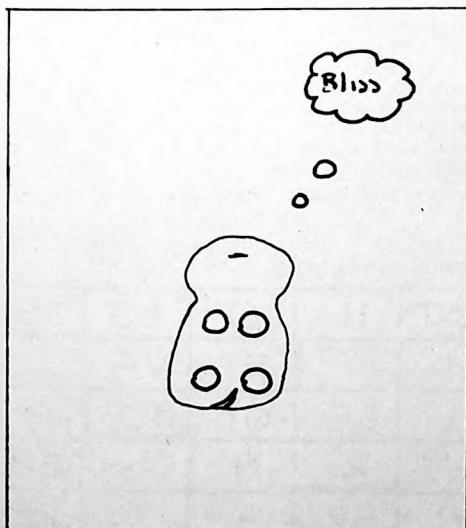
'I'm mad!'

'I'm Robinson.'

This is all too much for us, we need a fellow sufferer to help myself come to terms with this predicament. Perhaps the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is believed to have been heard talking to a Primate in his mirror.

Or would he just regard us as another of those 'hippy' types?

This was written by an anonymous Warner;
alias Ima Pseudonym





HALT THIS MINDLESS BRUTALITY

With this horror picture, *The Cantabrigian* launches its Campaign for Kindness to Tout. The hearts of all must have warmed to the chubby, rubicund figure, striding at the head of the Emperor's bodyguard in *Hans Andersen* in its scarlet uniform. Yet the editors have received the following scurrilous pasquinade:

There was a young fellow called Tout
And inside his head there was nowt
He won't like my verse
I'll be put in a hearse
Cos he'll beat me up – what a lout!

David Yard (4MM)

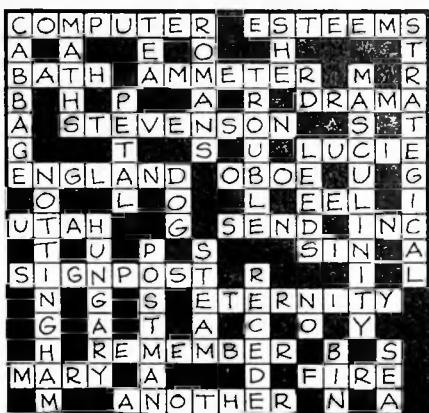
When, we ask, will people realise that much-maligned Mark is not a misanthrope, but merely misunderstood? The photograph shows more clearly than words the depths to which the anti-Tout brigade can sink. Would anyone finding a discarded key to a bicycle lock kindly notify: Mark Tout, Room 1, H.R.S.F.C?



← David Carridine, Dave Yard, Andy Cox and Julian Scott are members of 'Machinehead' (formerly 'It'). Michael Jeffries went to hear them — 'Sweet Clementine' with Histon Methodist OAPS, two drag artists and a swinging vicar, is not the venue for a nervous rock breakthrough. But IT did play and sing. 'That was sweet,' said a granny. I agreed.

Nerves obliterated lyrics — especially of their own material — a pity; the tune deserved better. A singer who need not worry about playing would help. *Johnny Be Good*, if only because nerves disappeared and Dave's vocals approached music. Songs the group can enjoy, before the more complex stuff, would boost confidence, as would more adventurous guitars. Believe you're God's gift to music, use that 3rd guitar for real lead, and you're made — almost!

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD



ANSWERS TO ASK THE FAMILY SAMPLE QUESTIONS:

Anagram: SUPERMARKET

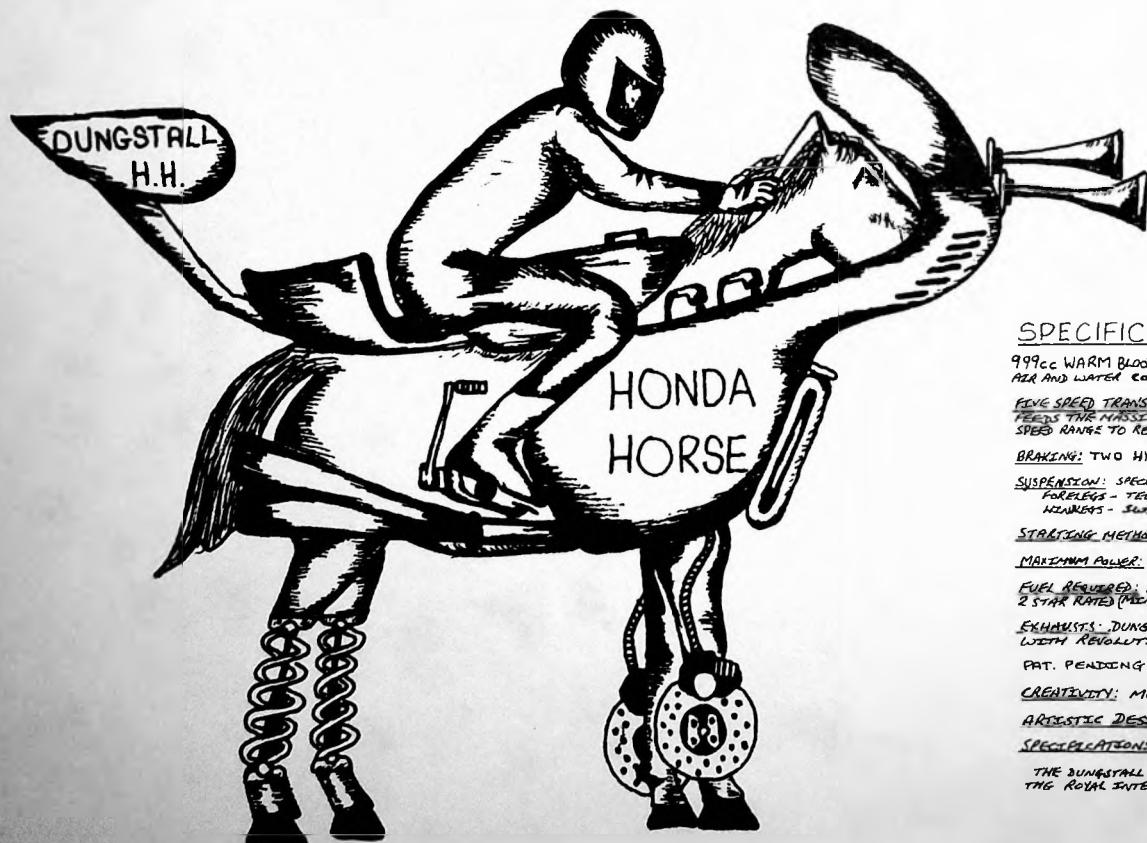
- 92, 141
- K (back rank of a chess board)
- XXIX (2000-1971 = 29)
- 95
- Lord Protector
- George II (in 1743)
- The two Viking probes bound for Mars
- Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Constable, Turner, Picasso
- Queen Elizabeth II
- They fall into a ditch!
- False, false, True, False, False
- The Headingly Test Match

Answers to Brainteaser: Bill's age — 12
Sally's age — 11
My age — 18

SOLUTION TO RETIARIUS.

'ANT	H	O	LO	GIST
'ED	IT	RI	VA	L
'IL	LE	GI	BLE	U
'U	R	N	"PARI	SH
'VI	BR	A	T	E
'AN	A	L	Y	ST

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ARTISTIC DESIGN: MONTY.

SPECIFICATIONS: DYLAN.

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